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"I RAISED MY RIFLE AND TOOK AIM. THEN IN QUICK SUCCESSION TWO REPORTS THUNDERED OUT WITH TREMENDOUS UPROAR."

A Strange Manuscript Found in a Copper Cylinder.*

CHAPTER V.

THE TORRENT SWEEPING UNDER THE MOUNTAINS.

THE boat drifted on. The light given by the aurora and the low moon seemed to grow fainter; and as I looked behind I saw that the distant glow from the volcanic fires had become more brilliant in the increasing darkness. The sides of the channel grew steeper, until at last they became rocky precipices, rising to an unknown height. The channel itself grew narrower, till from a width of two miles it had contracted to a tenth of those dimensions; but with this lessening width the waters seemed to rush far more swiftly. Here I drifted helplessly, and saw the gloomy, rocky cliffs sweep past me as I was hurled onward on the breast of the tremendous flood. I was in despair. The fate of Agnew had prepared me for my own, and I was only thankful that my fate, since it was inevitable, would be less appalling. Death seemed certain, and my chief thought now was as to the moment when it would come. I was prepared. I felt that I could meet it calmly, sternly, even thankfully: far better was a death here amid the roar of waters than at the hands of those abhorrent beings by whose treachery my friend had fallen.

As I went on, the precipices rose higher and seemed to overhang, the channel grew narrower, the light grew fainter, until at last all around me grew dark. I was floating at the bottom of a vast chasm, where the sides seemed to rise precipitously for thousands of feet, where neither watery flood nor rocky wall was visible, and where, far above, I could see the line of sky between the summits of the cliffs, and watch the glowing stars. And as I watched them there came to me the thought that this was my last sight on earth, and I could only hope that the life which was so swiftly approaching its end might live again somewhere among those glittering orbs. So I thought; and with these thoughts I drifted on, I cannot tell how long, until at length there appeared a vast black mass, where the open sky above me terminated, and where the lustre of the stars and the light of the heavens were all swallowed up in utter darkness.

This, then, I thought, is the end. Here, amid this darkness, I must make the awful plunge and find my death. I fell upon my knees in the bottom of the boat and prayed. As I knelt there the boat drew nearer, the black mass grew blacker. The current swept me on. There were no breakers; there was no phosphorescent sparkle of seething waters, and no whiteness of foam. I thought that I was on the brink of some tremendous cataract a thousand times deeper than Niagara; some fall where the waters plunged into the depths of the earth; and where, gathering for the terrific descent, all other movements—all dashings and writhings and twistings—were obliterated and lost in the one overwhelming onward rush. Suddenly all grew dark—dark beyond all expression; the sky above was in a moment snatched from view; I had been flung into some tremendous cavern; and there, on my knees, with terror in my heart, I waited for death.

The moments passed, and death delayed to come. The awful plunge was still put off; and though I remained on my knees and waited long, still the end came not. The waters seemed still, the boat motionless. It was borne upon the surface of a vast stream as smooth as glass; but who could tell how deep that stream was, or how wide? At length I rose from my knees and sank down upon the seat of the boat, and tried to peer through the gloom. In vain. Nothing was visible. It was the very blackness of darkness. I listened, but heard nothing save a deep, dull, droning sound, which seemed to fill all the air and make it all tremulous with its vibrations. I tried to collect my thoughts. I recalled that old theory which had been in my mind before this, and which I had mentioned to Agnew. This was the notion that at each pole there is a vast opening; that into one of them all the waters of the ocean pour themselves, and, after passing through the earth, come out at the other pole, to pass about its surface in innumerable streams. It was a wild fancy, which I had laughed at under other circumstances, but which now occurred to me once more, when I was overwhelmed with despair, and my mind was weakened by the horrors which I had experienced; and I had a vague fear that I had been drawn into the very channel through which the ocean waters flowed in their course to that terrific, that unparalleled abyss. Still, there was as yet no sign whatever of anything like a descent, for the boat was on even keel, and perfectly level as before, and it was impossible for me to tell whether I was moving swiftly or slowly, or standing perfectly still; for in that darkness there were no visible objects by which I could find out the rate of my progress; and as those who go up in balloons are utterly insensible of motion, so was I on those calm but swift waters.

At length there came into view something which arrested my attention and engrossed all my thoughts. It was a faint glow that at first caught my gaze; and on turning to see it better, I saw a round red spot glowing like fire. I had not seen this before. It looked like the moon when it rises from behind clouds, and glows red and lurid from the horizon; and so this glowed, but not with the steady light of the moon, for the light was fitful, and sometimes flashed into a baleful brightness, which soon subsided into a dimmer lustre. New alarm arose within me, for this new sight suggested something more terrible than anything that I had

(*Continued on page 62.*)

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* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1620.

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HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

An Illustrated Weekly.

A portrait of the baby King of Spain in the arms of his mother, the Queen-Regent, is the front-page illustration to the number for January 24th.

Mr. William Blaikie *continues his talks on physical self-culture, his subject being "How to Get Good Arms."*

"Robert Stephenson, the Great Bridge-Builder," is the subject of an article by George Makepeace Towle; *"Wit and Wisdom of Pretty Polly," is the title of an entertaining article by* H. D. Pittman.

The first part of "Maud's Musical Adventure," by Lucy C. Lillie, *is printed in this number.*

A SUPPLEMENT

contains two articles—"What to Do until the Doctor Comes," by Dr. Glentworth Reeve Butler, *and "Wit and Humor in Children," by* Margaret Emma Ditto.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

New York, January 28, 1888.

TERMS: 10 CENTS A COPY.—$4.00 A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

SENATOR HALE UPON REFORM.

The speech of Senator Hale upon the relation of the administration to civil service reform adds nothing to the summary and conclusion of the National Reform League five months ago. The friends of reform, whether or not they supported Mr. Cleveland, have not left it to Republican leaders, who are *ex officio* his opponents, either to state the facts or to express their disappointment. There is a great difference, however, in the spirit and purpose of the statements of the League and those of Senator Hale. The League judges the course of the administration by the conditions of its action and in the interests of reform, the Senator solely in the interest of a party. But what is the party view of the question? Presidents Grant and Hayes, and to a certain degree President Arthur, offered to the Republican party the opportunity of adopting reform as a party policy, and it declined. President Cleveland has offered to the Democratic party the same opportunity, and it has been as plainly declined. Senator Hale therefore loses his time in demonstrating that a Democratic administration is not a reform administration, since he cannot show a Republican administration in that respect to be essentially different. The assertion that the reform sentiment is more prevalent among Republicans is true, but it is countered by the fact that the sentiment has never moulded the party action, and that the Democratic President personally has proved himself to be quite as warm in the faith as any Republican President. It is equally a mistake that President Cleveland has made stronger professions of faith than Republican Presidents. President Grant, by summoning a commission, approving its conclusions, and commending them by a special message to Congress; President Hayes, by warmly advocating reform, by sending a special agent to report upon the English system, and by establishing the reformed system at certain points; and President Arthur, by recommending the passage of the Pendleton bill, and highly praising the principle of reform—all made personal demonstrations quite as emphatic as those of President Cleveland, which Republicans denounce as "sham" and "humbug." If Mr. Cleveland has "betrayed" and "discredited" reform by the difference between his words and deeds, so did the Republican Presidents. The truth is that they all tried to do more than their parties would permit. Mr. Cleveland's reform is no more a "sham" and "humbug" than that of the others.

In contrasting Presidents Arthur and Cleveland, and describing Arthur as "a practical and earnest civil service reformer" because "he contented himself by modestly and earnestly doing his duty under the law," Senator Hale forgets that by that rule he must equally commend President Cleveland, who has quite as fully done his duty under the reform law as President Arthur. It is for his course in the service which is not affected by the law that the Senator condemns President Cleveland, and on that ground President Arthur and every Republican President is as open to censure. President Arthur found the service full of incumbents of his own party. He made, therefore, no clean sweep, but he made very great changes. The Senator emphasizes the fact that there have been few reappointments of old officers at the expiration of terms under the Cleveland administration. But in the first nine months of the Arthur Republican administration nearly fifty per cent. of the Republican incumbents, upon the expiry of their terms, were replaced by other Republicans. That they were unfit officers is not to be supposed. The reform law, indeed, affecting some 15,000 places, was undoubtedly properly observed under President Arthur, but it has been equally observed under President Cleveland. Beyond the range of that law President Arthur's appointments were as strictly partisan as President Cleveland's. The office-holding control of politics was somewhat shaken by President Hayes's order. But that the practice disappeared under the administration of President Arthur, as Senator Hale alleges, is not known to us. Indeed, Mr. Arthur was nominated for the Presidency in the Convention of 1884 by Mr. Martin I. Townsend, who was then, as he stated frankly, a District Attorney by Mr. Arthur's appointment. Of course we mean no imputation of any kind whatever upon Mr. Townsend. But the fact shows the incorrectness of Senator Hale's assertion. Again, it is hard to comprehend that the Senator really supposes the "contributions" which were extorted in 1878 by the circular of the Republican committee of which he was chairman to have been in any honest sense voluntary. It was because such contributions were known not to be voluntary that they were prohibited by law. The abominable outrage of such assessments, and especially that of Jay Hubbell's committee, was one of the gross abuses that universally aroused public opinion. The report to the League in August, 1882, said, "The mean tenor of the spoils system never touched so low a depth of degradation, and at no abuse of the power of patronage was the country ever more justly indignant." This was a Republican outrage, and the Congressional elections in November showed so general a dissatisfaction that the session of Congress opened in December with a universal uproar for reform. On the 27th the Pendleton bill passed the Senate by a vote of 58 to 5, and on the 4th of January, immediately after the recess, upon motion of Mr. Cox, a Democrat, the bill was put upon its passage in the House, and passed, amid great excitement, by a vote of 155 yeas to 47 nays. It was not a party vote, and it was the gross Republican abuse of political assessments, which Senator Hale kindly describes as "voluntary contributions," and which had attracted general attention, that largely led to the passage of the bill.

It is clear, therefore, that whatever may be true of the Cleveland administration in regard to abuses of patronage, the necessary conclusion is not, as Senator Hale implies, recourse to the Republican party. The more fully he establishes the fine reform professions of that party, the more conspicuous is the fact that it is not practically a party of reform. He quotes the platform of 1884. But not to remind him that Mr. Blaine was the actual platform of the party, let him look around the Senate-Chamber. Does he suppose that his fellow-Republican leaders, Mr. Sherman, Mr. Ingalls, the President of the Senate, Mr. Chandler, and other eminent Republicans, stand upon that plank of the platform, or indeed that any of them do not despise it, except Mr. Edmunds, Mr. Hoar, Mr. Hawley, and two or three more? Mr. Hiscock and Mr. Platt are the Republican masters of New York. Are they also reformers? The strongest national faction of the party is the Blaine faction. Can Mr. Hale command his gravity long enough to point to that body as the promise and hope of civil service reform? Senator Hale himself is an upright and accomplished man and an ardent partisan, but we are not aware that he has ever demonstrated any practical interest whatever in civil service reform. He speaks as a Republican, not as a reformer. He wishes chiefly to help his party, not to advance reform. He hopes to persuade independent voters that as in this respect they have been disappointed in Mr. Cleveland, they must now turn to—Mr. Blaine, or any Republican candidate who may be nominated. Is there much doubt that if the Republicans should regain the Executive they would do what Mr. Cleveland has done, and urge his course as the excuse? Would they retain a virtually Democratic civil service? Would they not allege that Mr. Cleveland's course had been hostile to real reform, and proceed to establish real reform by replacing Democrats by Republicans. But that would be only making the party abuse of patronage the reason for perpetuating the abuse. In calculating possibilities for this year's election there are many things to consider. May it not be possible, for instance, that although disappointed in regard to reform, the action of independent voters may not be determined solely by that disappointment, and that even those, if such there are, with whom this reform is the only consideration, may be quite as sceptical of Republican reform as Senator Hale of Democratic reform? Is it quite impossible that without forming new party relations, independent voters have discovered not only that the Republican party of to-day is not that of Lincoln, Seward, Chase, and Sumner, but that the Democratic party is not that of Pierce, Buchanan, Mason, and Jefferson Davis? Names and traditions indeed remain, and they are very powerful. But neither the tendencies, the spirit, nor the leadership of the Republican party compel the conclusion that it is now either a reform party or a progressive party, and therefore Senator Hale's exposure of a weak point in the Democratic armor does not prove superior Republican strength either at that point or elsewhere.

JUDGE ADVOCATE GENERAL.

The office of Judge Advocate General is practically vacated by the operation of the sentence of General Swaim, and we have recently observed in various quarters a suggestion, which has the aspect of "a feeler," that it should be filled by the appointment of a civilian. If the proposition could be regarded as serious it would be very important to the army, for promotion is "the life of the service," and comes slowly enough to army officers. If personally worthy, they are certainly entitled to the prizes of their profession, and the almost invariable rule in making such appointments has been to select from the particular corps in which the promotion is to be made a senior officer distinguished by his service in war as in peace, and by his peculiar fitness, ability, and character. This was the course pursued by President Cleveland in filling the vacancies in the offices of Chief of Engineers, Inspector General, and Surgeon General of the army, and we know no reason to suppose that he would abandon this course in selecting a Judge Advocate General.

Those who apparently favor a different course are aware undoubtedly that a civilian cannot be legally appointed to a Generalship in the army. The Army Regulations provide that such appointments shall be made "by selection from the army" itself. But it has been suggested that there might be an appointment of a civilian to a subordinate office in the Judge Advocate General's department—for instance, that of Judge Advocate, with the rank of Major, if such a place should be made vacant by the retirement of the incumbent—and once within the army and the corps, promotion to the chief office might follow. All such suggestions imply careful consideration and a probable purpose, and for that reason they are worthy of attention. It is desirable, moreover, that if such schemes are contemplated, their promoters should know that they are not unobserved. But we know no reason to suppose that such are the views or the intentions of the President.

If the department of the Judge Advocate General were destitute of officers amply fitted for the Generalship, some other method than promotion for filling the chief place might be properly sought. But that is not the situation. There are gentlemen in the department of long training and experience in military law and the law of administration of the War Department, who are perfectly competent for the Generalship, and whose appointment would be accepted by the army and the bar as peculiarly proper and desirable. In appointing a Chief of Engineers the President selected the senior subordinate officer; in appointing an Inspector General he selected the one second in rank. Colonel Lieber is the senior subordinate and the present acting Judge Advocate General. He is a son of the late Dr. Lieber, the eminent publicist, and himself, as we understand, an unexceptionable and capable officer. His immediate junior is Colonel Winthrop, the author of our only comprehensive and authoritative treatise upon military law, which is the text-book upon the subject at West Point. Like Colonel Lieber, he is an admirably equipped Judge Advocate. It would be very extraordinary if two such officers should be passed over in the choice of a Judge Advocate General for the indirect introduction of a civilian into that office, and if any such scheme be contemplated, we are very sure that it would receive no countenance from the President.

THE TARIFF AND PARTIES.

The opposition of certain Democratic papers to the views of the President's Message is not less significant than the approval of them expressed by leading Republican journals. There is no paper in the Southern States which is a better representative of Democratic sentiment than the Atlanta *Constitution*. Its editor, Mr. Grady, made a striking speech a year ago at the New England dinner, which attracted a great deal of attention as the expression of the feeling of "the New South." The paper is published in the most prosperous and energetic of the Southern States, and its opinions may be regarded as an important indication of the tendency of party opinion in that community. The same thing is true of the Nashville *American*, the Birmingham *Age*, and the Mobile *Register*, all leading Democratic papers, which hold the same general views. The attitude of these papers is as well worthy of attention as that of the Chicago *Tribune* and other important journals on the Republican side. The *Constitution* says:

> "The *Constitution* differs with President Cleveland on his Message. The Message was unwise in our opinion, and involves a wrong political and business policy.... It was a business mistake in the Message to assume that our industries (we speak now especially for the South) do not need protection. The President admits practically, as every one admits, that American industries did need protection at first, and could not have established themselves without protection. He alludes, however, to their wonderful growth, and derides the idea of their being longer called 'infant industries.' That is precisely what they are in the South. Northern industries, with their enormous capital, their close syndicates, their accurate management, may have become strong enough to compete with the world. Those of the South certainly have not. In a wholesale reduction of the tariff it is the South, with its

slender capital, its isolated industries, its experimental condition, that would suffer first and most irremediably."

Senator Brown, of Georgia, in an elaborate speech in the Senate, also differs from the President's view, and advocates, upon "Jeffersonian principles," the repeal of the internal revenue taxes; and Senator Vance, of North Carolina, agrees with Senator Brown, and argues earnestly for a repeal of taxes which the President would leave in force. The Message was greeted with enthusiasm by two very different classes: patriotic and sagacious Democrats who wish to see an election conducted upon a great public policy, and Republicans who felt sure that high protection and a surplus for distribution would secure the "working-man's" vote. But it is a curious fact that some of the distinctively able and influential Republican journals in various parts of the country have substantially approved the Message, and deprecated Republican opposition to a revision of the tariff as a mistake, and that the Union League Club in New York hesitated to adopt the report of its committee uncompromisingly hostile to the President's view, and laid it upon the table, because of unreadiness to declare against revision of the tariff. On the other hand, as we have said, representative Democratic journals deplore the recommendations of the President, and Tammany Hall, which tries to speak for the rank and file Democratic vote, passes resolutions declaring substantially for revision which will "protect" American labor more effectively. In other words, it resolves that the President's doctrines are very questionable.

These facts demonstrate the situation. They show that public sentiment is not yet ripe enough to determine the position of parties upon the policy of tariff reform, and there is no reason to doubt that the Providence *Journal*, the Chicago *Tribune*, the *Pioneer Press*, and other Republican papers of similar views will support the Republican candidate for the Presidency, and that the Atlanta *Constitution*, the New York *Sun*, Mr. Randall, and Senators Brown and Vance will support the Democratic candidate. It is this situation which justifies the expectation that the bill which may possibly pass Congress to provide for a reduction of the surplus will be a compromise which will be so supported as to prevent the identification of the Democratic majority of the House with a strict revenue reform policy. The majority does not mean that its party shall enter upon the Presidential campaign as a "free-trade" party, and there is no way in which the party can be forced to take that position. It seems now to be pretty clear that the President, not a policy, will be the Democratic platform. His strength as a candidate will be due to the general conviction that he is honest and courageous, and with whatever sore disappointments and failures, sincerely endeavoring to promote the public welfare, and that conservative, efficient, and economical government is quite as probable under his administration as under any other.

HIGH LICENSE.

Among the few especial measures which ought not to fail of passage in the New York Legislature is the high license bill of Mr. Crosby. It is, upon the whole, a judicious bill, embodying the two points which are most approved by intelligent public opinion—a restrictive license, and a consequent relief of taxation. The logic of such a policy is obvious. Liquor making and selling cannot be wholly suppressed, and as they produce the larger amount of crime, and consequently greatly increase taxes, they should pay a large share of the increase. This is the philosophy of the Crosby bill, and undoubtedly it commends itself to general favor. Then the details of method have been carefully considered. A minimum of license for the sale of ardent spirits is fixed at $500, and a maximum at $2000, while the minimum beer license is $100 and the maximum $400. This arrangement practically provides local option for a large part of the State. If the public sentiment of any community were strongly opposed to the traffic, it could elect Excise Commissioners who would require a practically prohibitive license.

The bill has been drawn with especial reference to the objections of the Governor, and therefore proposed amendments must be very narrowly watched. Ingenious opponents of the bill will naturally seek to load it with amendments which would furnish an excuse for the Governor's veto. He would be undoubtedly very loath to sign a stringent bill which would be a serious blow at the traffic, because the liquor interest is an organized political force, and it is a powerful ally of the Governor's party. Partly because of the theory of the non-interference of government, which is a quasi-Democratic tradition, and partly because of the sympathies of the party, the liquor interest has always regarded the Democrats as its particular friends. The great part of restrictive liquor legislation is due to Republican conviction and activity, and whatever is to be done in that direction by existing parties will be done by the Republicans. That is so well understood that there would be no doubt of the prompt passage of a strict bill if it were not for the German vote. That vote, especially in the West, and to an important degree in New York, has been Republican, and there is still hope of some Irish vote if Mr. Blaine should be nominated. Above all, there is the absolute necessity of losing no votes, if only Heaven would show how to blow hot and cold simultaneously!

In this painful dilemma there is one wise and politic course. The actual force of all these votes cannot be known, and a policy founded upon a guess may be disastrous. But what is known is the original genius of the party. It has been strong always in the degree that it represented a general moral conviction. In the existing emergency the real opponents whom it has to fear are the sincere temperance men. Let the party leaders calculate, for instance, how many Methodist clergymen have ceased to be Republicans because of this issue, and reflect what that means and how large a vote it loses. There can be little doubt that the right way is the expedient way. The Republicans control the Legislature, and a strong license bill has been introduced. There is no measure whose progress will be more universally or more intelligently scrutinized. The public cannot be deceived about it any more than it was deceived about the Vedder bill. The scope and the purpose of amendments and of delays of every kind will be instantly comprehended. The bill has been prepared carefully and in good faith. It must be passed in the same good faith, or its passage will be useless. There is no doubt that it is the demand of the best public opinion of the State, and its prompt passage will be therefore proof of the wisdom of the majority in the Legislature.

THE CONFIRMATION OF MR. LAMAR.

The attempt to prevent the confirmation of Mr. Lamar failed. He was confirmed by the aid of three Republican votes, and the New York *Tribune* says that others were ready if necessary. The nomination, when first made, was approved even by so vehement a partisan journal as the Philadelphia *Press*, and the opposition was an after-thought, with the hope of securing some kind of party advantage. Republican Senators were practically threatened with party vengeance if they dared to vote for confirmation, and the tactics that were employed in the impeachment trial of Andrew Johnson against Senators Fessenden and Grimes and their courageous associates were vigorously renewed.

In the case of Mr. Lamar this partisan bulldozing was happily frustrated by Republican votes. The effort was significant, however, as part of the scheme to arouse the bitterest sectional and partisan feeling for the purposes of the campaign. The tone of the opposition to Mr. Lamar, like the vulgar blackguardism poured upon Mr. Lowell for his speech in Boston, is designed to terrorize Republicans, and to show to young men the consequences of yielding in the least degree to a spirit of manly independence. Mr. Lowell is one of the most justly distinguished of American citizens, whose genius has illustrated our literature, and whose unsullied character and great ability have commended the American name to general honor and admiration. But for merely expressing his opinion of the President and his approval of tariff reform, although in the most decorous and admirable manner, he has been assailed by Republican journals with a rancor which is the highest tribute to political courage and independence. The simple and stinging fact is that the sympathy and support of men like Mr. Lowell are alienated from the Republican party, not because they are "sore-heads" and liars and intriguers and dishonored Americans, but because the party constantly forfeits their confidence and respect.

The course in regard to Mr. Lamar is an illustration of this fact. The only respectable charge against him, that he does not honestly accept the constitutional amendments, was effectually disposed of by his own unqualified expressions. If any man who honestly took part in the rebellion is to be accepted as an honorably loyal citizen, it is Mr. Lamar, and to hold him personally responsible for the political crimes of the Democratic party in Mississippi is as unfair as to insist upon General Grant's complicity with the Republican whiskey frauds because they were brought very close to his own political family. If the Republicans propose to adopt the principle of the Cincinnati *Commercial Gazette*, whose editor held during the war that Grant was "foolish, drunken, and stupid," and that Lincoln's moderation was "weak, puling, piddling humanitarianism," and to maintain that the Union should be cared for by those who saved it, the partisan appeal to the old jealousy of sections and the passions of the war is intelligible. But if this is neither a just nor patriotic policy, then the man who was "a secessionist and a rebel" twenty-five years ago, but who now accepts without reservation the decision of the war, and has in every way declared and proved that acceptance, ought not to be taunted and distrusted and discredited by other honorable and loyal Americans.

MAYOR HEWITT'S MESSAGE.

Last year Mayor Hewitt had just entered upon his duties, and, like a wise man, having very little to say about the city government, he said little. But after a year's careful and constant observation he has very much to say, and he has said it with a fulness and pungent vigor and frank independence which are refreshing. The first and second parts of his Message have appeared, and the third part will probably be issued simultaneously with the publication of this paper. Altogether they convey a comprehensive and definite conception of the character and condition of the municipality such as very few of the residents of the city have possessed, and which will be most serviceable to those who really wish to know something about it.

The Mayor holds that the chief practical obstacle to good city government is the organization of the police force in its various branches of Commissioners and civil and police justices. The root of the mischief is partisan politics, which have no more rightful place in a city government than in a railroad company or a commercial house. The theory of the structure of the Commission involves party, and the justices are practically party agents. One of them defeated the nomination of Mr. Nicoll by his party at the last election. The Mayor would have one Police Commissioner, and he would take the whole police system out of politics. Incidentally he exposes the effort of the Commission to escape the operation of the civil service law. This law he praises as elevating the standard of official duty, while he justly condemns the veteran preference.

Mayor Hewitt renews his recommendation of a special license to sell beer and wine, under certain restrictions, on Sunday afternoons. In the actual situation of the city he thinks this to be expedient. He holds that laws which cannot be enforced bring all law into contempt, and that contempt of law is a greater evil than any which springs from the alcoholic traffic. The Message is characteristically thorough and forcible and instructive, and it ought to be universally read in the city.

GEORGE WALKER.

George Walker, late Consul-General of the United States at Paris, was a man of unusual accomplishments for public life. He was born in New Hampshire, and was admitted to the bar in Springfield, Massachusetts, which was his home for many years. He was soon engaged in the municipal government, and subsequently went as Senator to the Legislature. He was especially versed in finance, and filled many financial offices with great ability, having been sent to Europe as special financial agent both by the State of Massachusetts and by the national government. During his long service in France as Consul-General he distinguished himself by his great intelligence and untiring assiduity to his duties. His studies in foreign politics were most useful to him as an American in the foreign service, and he had warm friendships with many European statesmen. His wide range of interests, the freshness and activity of his mind, his faithful memory, literary accomplishment, and social disposition, made him a charming companion. If our public service assured to special taste and remarkable qualification a permanent career, Mr. Walker would have been a distinguished public figure.

PERSONAL.

Francis La Flesche, of the Omaha tribe, who is employed in the Bureau of Indian Affairs, is the brother of Inshta Theamba, and is three-fourths, not full-blood or even half-breed, Indian. La Flesche was educated at the mission school of an Indian agency in Nebraska, and was appointed by Secretary Kirkwood to a place in the Indian Bureau. He has made an efficient clerk. On several occasions he has acted as interpreter between his people and government officers, and has also been sent on several missions to his tribe.

—Professor George R. R. Cockburn, for twenty years principal of Upper Canada College, and a leading educator of that country, has forsaken the school-room and has been elected to the Dominion Parliament. Mr. Cockburn is looked upon as one of the coming leaders of Canada's Conservative party, and there are even predictions that he is a possible successor of Sir John A. Macdonald, when the aged Premier puts the honors of leadership aside. Mr. Cockburn is the happy possessor of a Kentucky wife.

—Edwin Booth's first appearance on the stage was with schoolfellows in Baltimore, a juvenile minstrel performance—admission one cent—giving him his opportunity.

—Lovers of the artistic in opera will be delighted with the news that Signor Perugini has found much improved health in his foreign trip. He is singing now before English audiences with the Carl Rosa Opera Company, and the Britons are astounded to find that America boasts a tenor who can so stir an audience into enthusiasm. Perugini comes home in May.

—Mrs. General Grant is spending a part of the winter in Washington.

—Mr. Thomas Nast, who has lately visited Aspen, Colorado, has been honored by having a hitherto nameless peak called after him. Mount Nast is on the line of the Colorado Midland Railroad, and is a commanding and picturesque feature of the Pike's Peak route of this new and admirably equipped line of travel into the heart of the finest mountain scenery in Colorado.

—The city of Mexico just now is madly devoting itself to gorgeous spectacles, in which the central attraction is bull-fighting. Sunday is the chief festival day for this sort of thing, and half a dozen "rings" attract multitudes. Salèri, a Spanish bull-fighter, noted in his own country for daring deeds, was imported by Mexican enterprise to add zest to the Sabbath circuses. He was "famous" chiefly for that particularly reckless accomplishment which consists in infuriating the wild beast and then evading its onslaught by nimbly leaping over its head. His first experiment at an introduction of this into the Mexican Sabbath programme resulted in his being gored to death. The Mexican bull isn't so deliberative as his Spanish brother is.

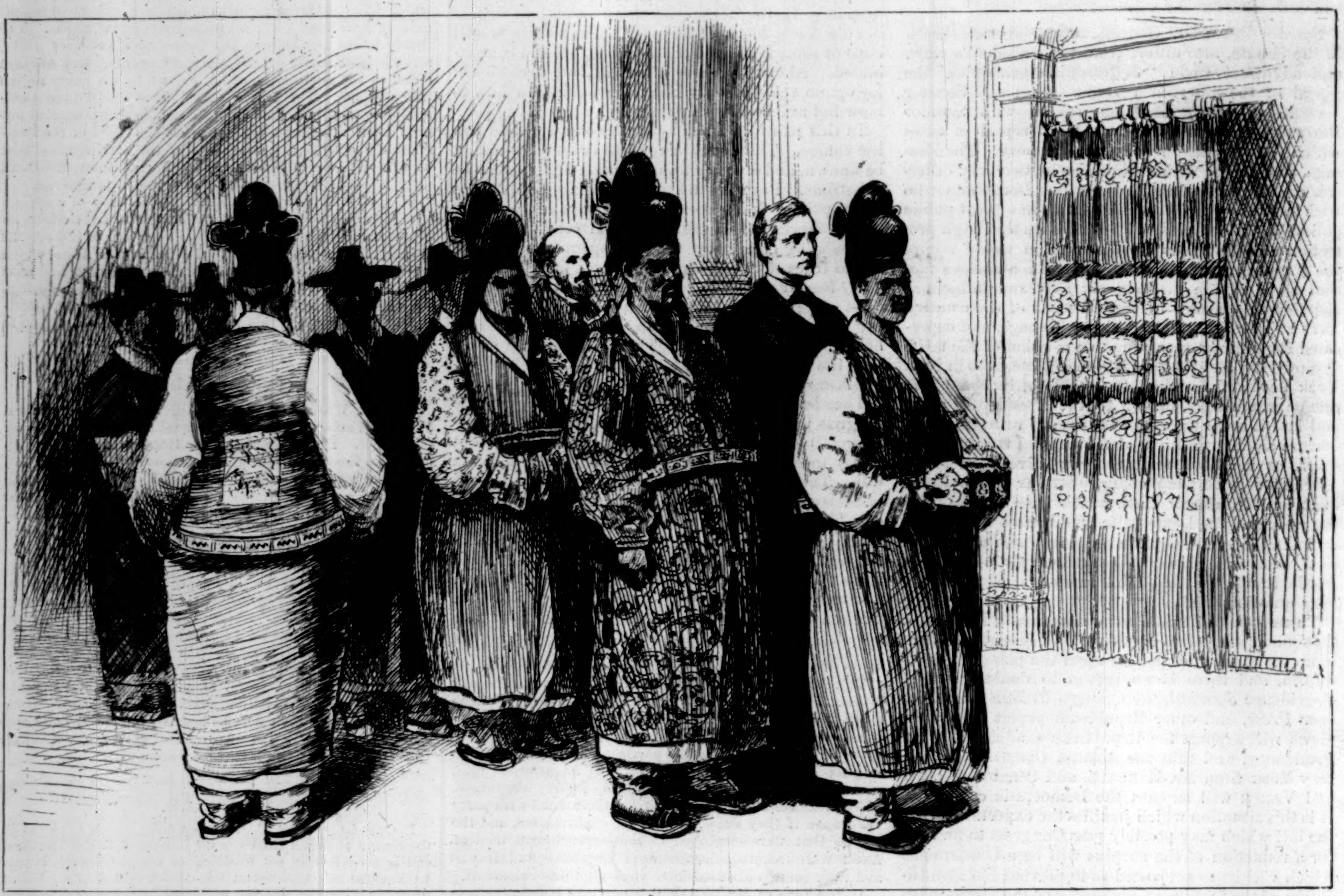
—Arkansas Democrats are urging Attorney-General Garland to be a candidate for the United States Senatorship, vacant a year hence.

—Ex-President Grévy has been twice stricken with apoplexy since the shameful antics of his son-in-law precipitated the scandal that induced France to demand a new President.

—Lemuel J. Curtis, of Meriden, Connecticut, to whose enterprise was largely due the development of the silver-plate trade in this country, died a fortnight ago, and his will, now made public, gives $750,000 to the "Home for Old Women" founded by him in Meriden ten years ago.

—Russell Sage, the Wall Street magnate, serves as central figure in a play written by his private secretary, John E. McCann, and ycleped *Puts and Calls*. Puts and calls are speculative contracts whose peculiarities were invented by Mr. Sage when he first entered Wall Street, not so rich as he is now, years ago.

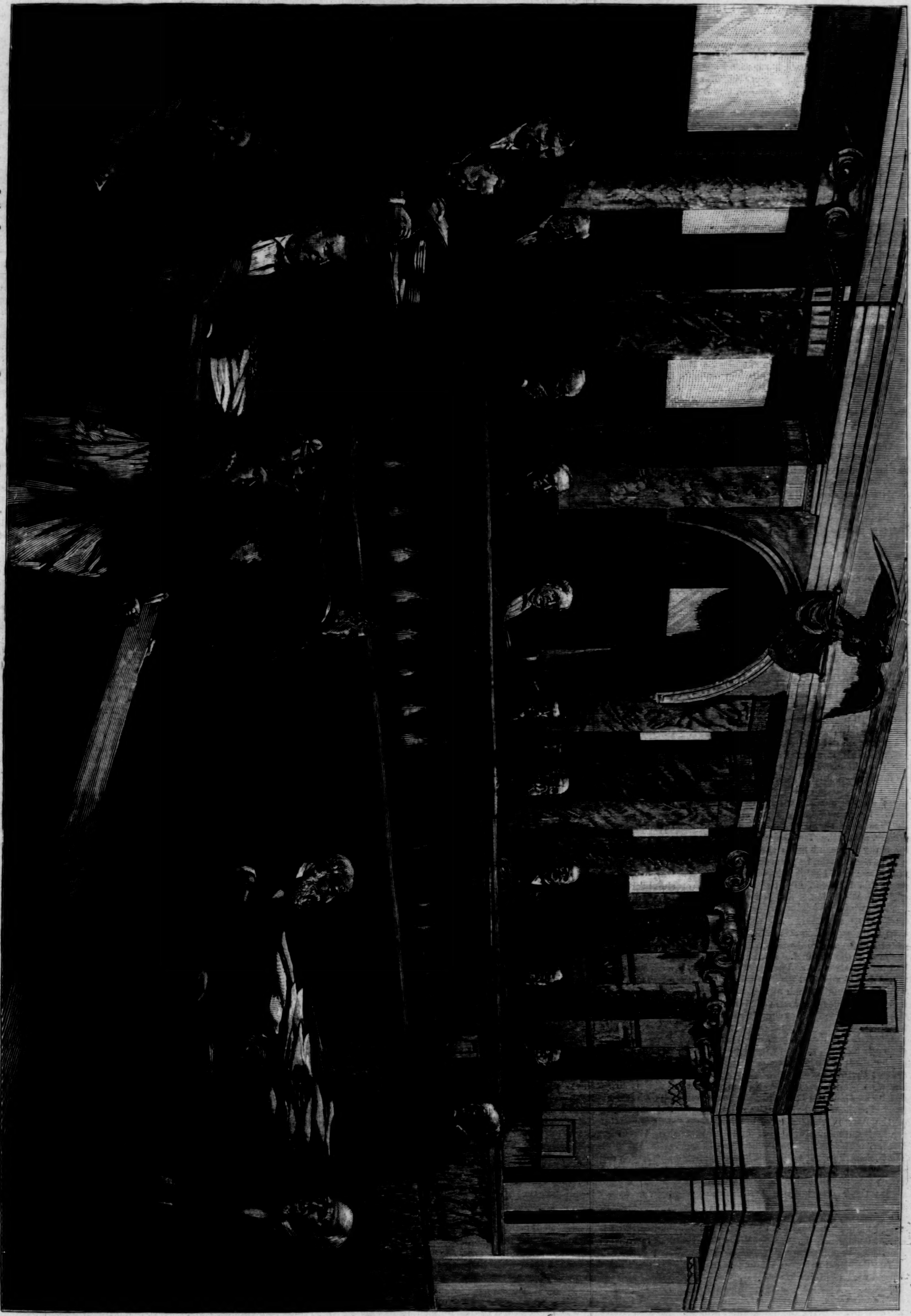
—Mrs. Edna Hill Gray Dow, of Dover, New Hampshire, enjoys the distinction of being the only woman in this free country ever elected to the presidency of a street railroad company. Mrs. Dow is forty years old, married, and rich. She invested a few hundred dollars in the Dover street railway, only to discover that a Boston syndicate was bearing her stock, hoping to gain control of the property. She resented that, and whenever any weak shareholders wanted to sell out, she bought before the Boston syndicate caught up, and speedily she got in control; and fully aroused, she elected herself president, and expects to show what few sceptics there are among her neighbors that all the business in this world doesn't depend upon beings in trousers. And some capitalists of Boston incline to the idea that Mrs. Dow has pretty good grounds for her expectations.



THE MEMBERS OF THE COREAN LEGATION BEING CONDUCTED INTO THE PRESENCE OF THE PRESIDENT.

From Sketches by J. H. Moser.—[See Page 67.]

CARIBOU HUNTING—BRINGING HOME THE GAME.—Drawn by W. P. Bodfish.—[See Page 67.]



Justices LAMAR,
GRAY,
BRADLEY,
MILLER,
WAITE,
FIELD,
HARLAN,
MATTHEWS,
BLATCHFORD.

THE SUPREME COURT OF THE UNITED STATES.—DRAWN BY CARL J. BECKER.—[SEE PAGE 66.]

A STRANGE MANUSCRIPT FOUND IN A COPPER CYLINDER.

(Continued from front page.)

thus far thought of. This, then, I thought, was to be the end of my voyage; this was my goal—a pit of fire, into which I should be hurled! Would it be well, I thought, to wait for such a fate, and experience such a death-agony? Would it not be better for me to take my own life before I should know the worst? I took my pistol and loaded it, so as to be prepared, but hesitated to use it until my fate should be more apparent. So I sat, holding my pistol, prepared to use it, watching the light, and awaiting the time when the glowing fires should make all further hope impossible. But time passed, and the light grew no brighter; on the contrary, it seemed to grow fainter. There was also another change. Instead of shining before me, it appeared more on my left. From this it went on changing its position until at length it was astern. All the time it continued to grow fainter, and it seemed certain that I was moving away from it rather than toward it. In the midst of this there occurred a new thought, which seemed to account for this light—this was, that it arose from those same volcanoes which had illuminated the northern sky when I was ashore, and followed me still with their glare. I had been carried into this darkness, through some vast opening which now lay behind me, disclosing the red volcano glow, and this it was that caused that roundness and resemblance to the moon. I saw that I was still moving on away from that light as before, and that its changing position was due to the turning of the boat as the water drifted it along, now stern foremost, now sidewise, and again bow foremost. From this it seemed plainly evident that the waters had borne me into some vast cavern of unknown extent, which went under the mountains—a subterranean channel, whose issue I could not conjecture. Was this the beginning of that course which should ultimately become a plunge deep down into some unutterable abyss? or might I ever hope to emerge again into the light of day—perhaps in some other ocean—some land of ice and frost and eternal night? But the old theory of the flow of water through the earth had taken hold of me and could not be shaken off I knew some scientific men held the opinion that the earth's interior is a mass of molten rock and pent-up fire, and that the earth itself had once been a burning orb, which had cooled down at the surface; yet, after all, this was only a theory, and there were other theories which were totally different. As a boy I had read wild works of fiction about lands in the interior of the earth, with a sun at the centre, which gave them the light of a perpetual day. These, I knew, were only the creations of fiction; yet, after all, it seemed possible that the earth might contain vast hollow spaces in its interior—realms of eternal darkness, caverns in comparison with which the hugest caves on the surface were but the tiniest cells. I was now being borne on to these. In that case there might be no sudden plunge, after all. The stream might run on for many thousand miles through this terrific cavern gloom, in accordance with natural laws; and I might thus live, and drift on in this darkness, until I should die a lingering death of horror and despair.

There was no possible way of forming any estimate as to speed. All was dark, and even the glow behind was fading away; nor could I make any conjecture whatever as to the size of the channel. At the opening it had been contracted and narrow; but here it might have expanded itself to miles, and its vaulted top might reach almost to the summit of the lofty mountains. While sight thus failed me, sound was equally unavailing, for it was always the same—a sustained and unintermittent roar, a low, droning sound, deep and terrible, with no variations of dashing breakers or rushing rapids or falling cataracts. Vague thoughts of final escape came and went; but in such a situation hope could not be sustained. The thick darkness oppressed the soul; and at length even the glow of the distant volcanoes, which had been gradually diminishing, grew dimmer and fainter, and finally faded out altogether. That seemed to me to be my last sight of earthly things. After this nothing was left. There was no longer for me such a thing as sight; there was nothing but darkness—perpetual and eternal night. I was buried in a cavern of rushing waters, to which there would be no end, where I should be borne onward helplessly by the resistless tide to a mysterious and an appalling doom.

The darkness grew so intolerable that I longed for something to dispel it, if only for a moment. I struck a match. The air was still, and the flame flashed out, lighting up the boat and showing the black water around me. This made me eager to see more. I loaded both barrels of the rifle, keeping my pistol for another purpose, and then fired one of them. There was a tremendous report, that rang in my ears like a hundred thunder-volleys, and rolled and reverberated far along, and died away in endless echoes. The flash lighted up the scene for an instant, and for an instant only; like the sudden lightning, it revealed all around. I saw a wide expanse of water, black as ink—a Stygian pool; but no rocks were visible, and it seemed as though I had been carried into a subterranean sea.

I loaded the empty barrel and waited. The flash of light had revealed nothing, yet it had distracted my thoughts, and the work of reloading was an additional distraction. Anything was better than inaction. I did not wish to waste my ammunition, yet I thought that an occasional shot might serve some good purpose, if it was only to afford me some relief from despair.

And now, as I sat with the rifle in my hands, I was aware of a sound—new, exciting, different altogether from the murmur of innumerable waters that filled my ears, and in sharp contrast with the droning echoes of the rushing flood. It was a sound that spoke of life. I heard quick, heavy pantings, as of some great living thing; and with this there came the noise of regular movements in the water, and the foaming and gurgling of waves. It was as though some living, breathing creature were here, not far away, moving through these midnight waters; and with this discovery there came a new fear—the fear of pursuit. I thought that some sea-monster had scented me in my boat, and had started to attack me. This new fear aroused me to action. It was a danger quite unlike any other which I had ever known; yet the fear which it inspired was a feeling that roused me to action, and prompted me, even though the coming danger might be as sure as death, to rise against it and resist to the last. So I stood up with my rifle and listened, with all my soul in my sense of hearing. The sounds arose more plainly. They had come nearer. They were immediately in front. I raised my rifle and took aim. Then in quick succession two reports thundered out with tremendous uproar and interminable echoes, but the long reverberations were unheeded in the blaze of sudden light and the vision that was revealed. For there full before me I saw, though but for an instant, a tremendous sight. It was a vast monster, moving in the waters against the stream and toward the boat. Its head was raised high, its eyes were inflamed with a baleful light, its jaws, opened wide, bristled with sharp teeth, and it had a long neck joined to a body of enormous bulk, with a tail that lashed all the water into foam. It was but for an instant that I saw it, and then with a sudden plunge the monster dived, while at the same moment all was as dark as before.

Full of terror and excitement, I loaded my rifle again and waited, listening for a renewal of the noise. I felt sure that the monster, balked of his prey, would return with redoubled fury, and that I should have to renew the conflict. I felt that the dangers of the subterranean passage and of the rushing waters had passed away, and that a new peril had arisen from the assault of this monster of the deep. Nor was it this one alone that was to be dreaded. Where one was, others were sure to be; and if this one should pass me by it would only leave me to be assailed by monsters of the same kind, and these would probably increase in number as I advanced farther into this realm of darkness. And yet, in spite of these grisly thoughts, I felt less of horror than before, for the fear which I had was now associated with action; and as I stood waiting for the onset and listening for the approach of the enemy, the excitement that ensued was a positive relief from the dull despair into which I had sunk but a moment before.

Yet, though I waited for a new attack, I waited in vain. The monster did not come back. Either the flash and the noise had terrified him, or the bullets had hit him, or else in his vastness he had been indifferent to so feeble a creature as myself; but whatever may have been the cause, he did not emerge again out of the darkness and silence into which he had sunk. For a long time I stood waiting; then I sat down, still watchful, still listening, but without any result, until at length I began to think that there was no chance of any new attack. Indeed, it seemed now as though there had been no attack at all, but that the monster had been swimming at random without any thought of me, in which case my rifle-flashes had terrified him more than his fearful form had terrified me. On the whole this incident had greatly benefited me. It had roused me from my despair. I grew reckless, and felt a disposition to acquiesce in whatever fate might have in store for me.

And now, worn out with fatigue and exhausted from long watchfulness and anxiety, I sank down in the bottom of the boat and fell into a deep sleep.

CHAPTER VI.

THE NEW WORLD.

How long I slept I do not know. My sleep was profound, yet disturbed by troubled dreams, in which I lived again over all the eventful scenes of the past; and these were all intermingled in the wildest confusion. The cannibals beckoned to us from the peak, and we landed between the two volcanoes. There the body of the dead sailor received us, and afterward chased us to the boat. Then came snow and volcanic eruptions, and we drifted amid icebergs and molten lava until we entered an iron portal and plunged into darkness. Here there were vast swimming monsters and burning orbs of fire and thunderous cataracts falling from inconceivable heights, and the sweep of immeasurable tides and the circling of infinite whirlpools, while in my ears there rang the never-ending roar of remorseless waters that came after us, with all their waves and billows rolling upon us. It was a dream in which all the material terrors of the past were renewed; but these were all as nothing when compared with a certain deep underlying feeling that possessed my soul—a sense of loss irretrievable, an expectation of impending doom, a drear and immitigable despair.

In the midst of this I awoke. It was with a sudden start, and I looked all around in speechless bewilderment. The first thing of which I was conscious was a great blaze of light—light so lately lost, and supposed to be lost forever, but now filling all the universe—bright, brilliant, glowing, bringing hope and joy and gladness, with all the splendor of deep blue skies and the multitudinous laughter of ocean waves that danced and sparkled in the sun. I flung up my arms and laughed aloud. Then I burst into tears, and falling on my knees I thanked the Almighty Ruler of the skies for this marvellous deliverance.

Rising from my knees I looked around, and once more amazement overwhelmed me. I saw a long line of mountains towering up to immeasurable heights, their summits covered with eternal ice and snow. There the sun blazed low in the sky, elevated but a few degrees above the mountain crests, which gleamed in gold and purple under its fiery rays. The sun seemed enlarged to unusual dimensions, and the mountains ran away on every side like the segment of some infinite circle. At the base of the mountains lay a land all green with vegetation, where cultivated fields were visible and vineyards and orchards and groves, together with forests of palm and all manner of trees of every variety of hue, which ran up the sides of the mountains till they reached the limits of vegetation and the regions of snow and ice.

Here in all directions there were unmistakable signs of human life—the outlines of populous cities and busy towns and hamlets; roads winding far away along the plain or up the mountain-sides, and mighty works of human industry in the shape of massive structures, terraced slopes, long rows of arches, ponderous pyramids, and battlemented walls.

From the land I turned to the sea. I saw before me an expanse of water intensely blue—an extent so vast that never before in all my ocean voyages had anything appeared at all comparable with it. Out at sea, wherever I had been, the water had always limited the view; the horizon had never seemed far away; ships soon sank below it, and the visible surface of the earth was thus always contracted; but here, to my bewilderment, the horizon appeared to be removed to an immeasurable distance and raised high in the air, while the waters were prolonged endlessly. Starting from where I was, they went away to inconceivable distances, and the view before me seemed like a watery declivity reaching for a thousand miles, till it approached the horizon far up in the sky. Nor was it any delusion of the senses that caused this unparalleled spectacle. I was familiar with the phenomena of the mirage, and knew well that there was nothing of that kind here; for the mirage always shows great surfaces of stillness, or a regular vibration—glassy tides and indistinct distances; but here everything was sharply defined in the clear atmosphere: the sky overhung a deep blue vault; the waves danced and sparkled in the sun; the waters rolled and foamed on every side; and the fresh breeze, as it blew over the ocean, brought with it such exhilarating influences that it acted upon me like some reviving cordial.

From the works of nature I turned to those of man. These were visible everywhere: on the land, in cities and cultivated fields and mighty constructions; on the sea, in floating craft, which appeared wherever I turned my eyes—boats like those of fishermen, ships long and low, some like galleys, propelled by a hundred oars, others provided with one huge square-sail, which enabled them to run before the wind. They were unlike any ships which I had ever seen; for neither in the Mediterranean nor in Chinese waters were there any craft like these, and they reminded me rather of those ancient galleys which I had seen in pictures.

I was lost in wonder as to where I was, and what land this could be to which I had been brought. I had not plunged into the interior of the earth, but I had been carried under the mountains, and had emerged again into the glad light of the sun. Could it be possible, I thought, that Agnew's hope had been realized, and that I had been carried into the warm regions of the South Pacific Ocean? Yet in the South Pacific there could be no place like this—no immeasurable expanse of waters, no horizon raised mountain high. It seemed like a vast basin-shaped world, for all around me the surface appeared to rise, and I was in what looked like a depression; yet I knew that the basin and the depression were an illusion, and that this appearance was due to the immense extent of level surface with the environment of lofty mountains. I had crossed the antarctic circle; I had been borne onward for an immense distance. Over all the known surface of the earth no one had ever seen anything like this; there were but two places where such an immeasurable plain was possible, and those were at the flattened poles. Where I was I now knew well. I had reached the antarctic pole. Here the earth was flat—an immense level with no roundness to lessen the reach of the horizon, but an almost even surface that gave an unimpeded view for hundreds of miles.

The subterranean channel had rushed through the mountains and had carried me here. Here came all the waters of the Northern ocean pouring into this vast polar sea, perhaps to issue forth from it by some similar passage. Here, then, was the South Pole—a world by itself; and how different from that terrible, that iron land on the other side of the mountains!—not a world of ice and frost, but one of beauty and light, with a climate that was almost tropical in its warmth, and lands that were covered with the rank luxuriance of a teeming vegetable life. I had passed from that outer world to this inner one, and the passage was from death unto life, from agony and despair to sunlight and splendor and joy. Above all, in all around me that which most impressed me now was the rich and superabundant life, and a warmth of air which made me think of India. It was an amazing and an unaccountable thing, and I could only attribute it to the flattening of the poles, which brought the surface nearer to the supposed central fires of the earth, and therefore created a heat as great as that of the equatorial regions. Here I found a tropical climate—a land warmed not by the sun, but from the earth itself. Or another cause might be found in the warm ocean currents. Whatever the true one might be, I was utterly unable to form a conjecture.

But I had no time for such speculations as these. After the first emotions of wonder and admiration had somewhat subsided, I began to experience other sensations. I began to remember that I had eaten nothing for a length of time that I had no means of calculating, and to look around to see if there was any way of satisfying my hunger. The question arose now, What was to be done? After my recent terrible experience I naturally shrank from again committing myself to the tender mercies of strange tribes; yet further thought and examination showed me that the people of this strange land must be very different from those frightful savages on the other side of the mountains. Everywhere I beheld the manifest signs of cultivation and civilization. Still, I knew that even civilized people would not necessarily be any kinder than savages, and that I might be seized and flung into hopeless imprisonment or slavery.

So I hesitated, yet what could I do? My hunger was beginning to be insupportable. I had reached a place where I had to choose between starvation on the one hand, or a venture among these people on the other. To go back was impossible. Who could breast those waters in the tremendous subterranean channel, or force his way back through such appalling dangers? Or, if that were possible, who could ever hope to breast those mighty currents beyond, or work his way amid everlasting ice and immeasurable seas? No: return was impossible. I had been flung into this world of wonders, and here would be my home for the remainder of my days; though I could not now imagine whether those days would be passed in peace or in bitter slavery and sorrow. Yet the decision must be made and the risk must be run. It must be so. I must land here, venture among these people, and trust in that Providence which had hitherto sustained me.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A TIGHT PLACE FOR A CAVALRY TROOP.

A CAVALRY company sent to a far Western Territory often has what is called in a general way "a hard time." It may, however, be remarked that cavalry, as a branch of the service, is specially created for the exact purposes of hard work, and quick work too. There is an expression sometimes addressed to a touchy and belligerent individual that with him "it is the word and the blow." With cavalry that sensitiveness is exactly what is required of it.

The men had had a fairly easy time for a week or so at the fort, when one night in came a scout. He slid off his panting horse, and was at once closeted with the colonel. Then the adjutant, who showed no extraordinary bustle, found certain captains and lieutenants, and at once the whole military mechanism was set in motion. Horses and arms were all looked over, and at sunrise next morning off started a fairly sized scouting party. The word had been given, and half a hundred men or so were ready to give the blows. The Indians had been "unruly"—unruliness to be translated into the possible lifting of hair and the actual running off of settlers' stock. Punishment swift and dire was what was wanted. It was as yet but a little flame. If not extinguished at once, it would blaze and burn. On that special business, of a cold morning, that body of cavalrymen are scouring the plain. It is a well-devised plan of campaign, and not entirely unexpected. The Indians had been under surveillance during the summer and fall. A certain sauciness and swagger on the part of the braves indicated premeditated ugliness, or "cussedness," as the soldiers called it. Scouts had noted their "cheekiness." The Indians had believed that when winter came, the rigors of the climate would make the white soldiers hug their fires, and that their acts of deviltry might escape detection. But the Indians were mistaken. So when the little column, without a moment's notice, caught a party of Indians in their war-paint on the eve of a foray, the Indians were disarmed without any ceremony. They were talked to, besides, in a peculiar stern and threatening way. Without any superfluous oratory they were told that it was lucky for them that the rumors the white chief had heard had been somewhat exaggerated, or otherwise the last Indian would have been wiped out. Then the bucks were cowed, and confessed in a dogged manner that white soldiers who would come after poor Indians in such cold weather were "a heap" too much for them. Congratulating themselves that a bloodless lesson had been taught the wards of the United States, the officers, followed by the troop, turned their horses' heads homeward.

It has been crisply cold, but not uncomfortably so; but now the sky is no longer clear, for great leaden clouds are lowering, fast changing to black. The wind, at first faint, shows increase of velocity. It is no longer sighing, but whistling, and now it is screaming. There is a flurry of snow, which whitens the air, and the wind takes it and spins it in ghostly eddies. It heralds the coming of the dreaded blizzard. With every moment the power of the blast increases. The snow, frozen hard, when it strikes the men's faces, scratches and cuts. No instrument now could record the velocity of the wind; did you have one, you could not read it, for the snow is blinding. The column, now that the storm has burst on it, loses for a time some little of its military form. The horses, poor beasts, find it impossible to face the wind; most of them turn tail to it. The storm has such power that, with an uncertain footing, it tumbles over some of the horses. The stirrups of the dismounted men are caught by the blast, and the leathers thrash the horses' flanks. Still, discipline is necessary. One man who has dismounted seems inclined to make his bed in the snow. If he were allowed to do that, in a few minutes he would perish. He must be made, by using his limbs, to keep up such little animal heat as physical movement gives. A stalwart sergeant persuades the fallen man to keep moving with a cow-hide. It is a merciful sergeant, who exercises in a rough way a natural cure. A few blows administered to the benumbed man may save him from being frost-bitten, or perhaps awaken him from that sleep which would be everlasting.

It is a trying time for the officers. Here that higher moral courage which is bred into them comes to the front. They are responsible for the lives of their men. A captain's horse has refused to move. The rider has dismounted, and faces the storm. He has gone among the men and talked pleasantly to them, but perhaps better than any one else he knows how great is the danger. If strong men have lain down and died in a blizzard a bare thirty yards from their own house doors, what are the chances for his men when they are miles away from the fort? The trail has been lost. It is with difficulty that he can even breathe, for the wind comes into his lungs under such enormous pressure that it chokes him. With shaded eyes he scans the obscured horizon. He knows the country by heart. He has studied it of summer days at his leisure, as should a good, observant, all-around soldier, believing that the time might come when any inkling as to the lay of the land would be of service. If the blizzard would hold but for a second! If there were but a rift in those white whirling snow-clouds! There is a momentary break, a lull for an instant, and like a flash the captain knows where he is. In a quarter of an hour, if the men will fight their way, he knows of a bluff, and under its lee there may be some little shelter. He gives the directions. It is a verbal order. Who could blow a bugle call with a musical instrument having a temperature of forty degrees below zero? Why, in such an intense cold the metal mouth-piece would be glued to the lips of the bugler. The men revive when they learn that the way is not lost. Horses are urged forward, and the men, when they can, screen themselves behind the horses. It was a trying hour before the coign of vantage was gained, but at last through the storm the indistinct curving of the bluff was seen, and there, protected some little, the men took the rest of that storm, weathered the blizzard, and excepting a frost-bitten ear or so, that was the worst they suffered.

Mr. ZOGBAUM, in his spirited sketch, shows that party of cavalrymen caught in the blizzard when the storm burst upon them in all its fury.

THE PLANETARY WINTER.

AUTUMN and Winter seem to hold brief sway
O'er this fair earth, for always keeping pace
Beside them, comes with tender-thoughted face
The Spring, soft stealing on her gracious way.
Her sweet breath thrills the budded quicks; she wooes
To swift unfolding chestnut fans, and flings
Fair amber jewels o'er the oak; she sings;
But always do the wintry powers refuse
Allegiance. Strange auguries they note,
And in the constellated stars do read
That soon this little earth, like ripened seed,
Shall float, silent as death, a frost-bound mote
Unthrilled by human voice, in depths star-sown,
By all but God for evermore unknown.

ANNIE BRONSON KING.

QUEER CORNERS IN CANADA.

THE ISLE OF ORLEANS.

FOUR miles below Quebec a long, narrow island rises abruptly from the St. Lawrence, and for twenty miles divides its flood. Jacques Cartier, grateful for a feast of wild grapes, called it Isle of Bacchus, but a later and more politic explorer had it formally christened the Isle of Orleans. Though right in the path of tourists, the isle is almost exempt from their incursions, and we approached it with something of an original discoverer's enthusiasm. The adverse fate of would-be discoverers was also ours, for when within sight of the wished-for shores our progress was summarily stayed. Our train had arrived at Point Levis too late for the last daily boat to the isle, and we were told that we could not possibly get there until the next morning. We sat down on our trunks in a coal-yard and meditated. Reluctantly we were deciding to cross to Quebec, when a Samaritan came our way, begging, if possible, to relieve the misfortune so plainly written on our several faces. The Samaritan's physique and apparel instantly suggested a way out of our dilemma. He was young and strong, and the sleeves of his flannel shirt being rolled up to the shoulder, his muscular arms invited inspection. He proved to be the fortunate owner of a boat, in which he said that he and his brother would row us over the water. Had there been enough wind to puff a handkerchief we might have sailed. Very soon we were seated in the square stern of a broad, shallow boat, our luggage piled high in the bow, and the men amidships pulling with long sweep-oars out into the channel. The swift tide was ebbing, and once fairly in the race of the commingling currents of the St. Charles and the St. Lawrence, the rowers had little to do but to keep the boat straight. So what had seemed misfortune turned out rare good luck. The soft, cool air was doubly grateful after our hot and dusty journey, and the smooth, rapid motion had a soothing effect on ruffled tempers.

Though it was nine o'clock, the Northern twilight lingered. Sunset orange glowed above the gentle slopes of Beauport and behind the dark ranks of the Laurentides marching down toward Labrador. Nothing could be more reposeful than the contour of the divided land stretched out like giant arms from terraced lights which flashed between Quebec's piled-up roofs and spires. Too soon the keel grated on the sand, and we knew that we had come to Beaulieu, the northwestern point of the isle. By this time the tide was very low, and to reach firm land it was necessary to climb the steps by the wharf—steps exceedingly slimy, slippery, and rotten. The ascent was perilous, but, aided by our rowers, we made it in safety, and found ourselves almost at the door of the only hotel on the isle—the Château Bel-Air.

The château is not imposing, yet it is comfortable and agreeable, with three sides giving on the water, and commanding most pleasant prospects from windows and piazzas. Craft of every size, build, and nationality are constantly passing up from the sea and down to it, and the musical, mournful voice of the tide is never still. The château is the beginning of Beaulieu, and the post-office, a mile away, is the end. Between the two extremes lies the village—two rows of steep-roofed cottages dotting the narrow strip of level land dividing hills and water. We became in time very familiar with these cottages, and with some of their primitive, happy-go-lucky inhabitants. Every day we walked to the post-office, for it sends no messenger to the château, and the château has not conceived the idea of expediting foreign correspondence. The walk is, however, no hardship, for the air is peculiarly dry and clear, and hot only from mid-day till about three o'clock. On the heights there is always a breeze, and the breeze is the sweet breath of pines and ferns and acres of wild flowers. Every step of the way the eyes may follow the majestic flow of the great river, and will surely turn and turn again toward Quebec, glittering like a silver shrine set between clouds and water. From several points is to be seen, on the Beauport shore, the white flood of Montmorency tumbling headlong with hollow, mournful sound, the lament of the waters ever coming for those gone before and lost forever. In old days the *habitants* of the isle called the fall *La Vache*, some say because it pours out its white torrents bounteously as a good cow pours out her milk; others, because the noise of the falling water at times resembles the mooing of a cow. The simile is prosaic, but has in vividness an advantage over the more poetical comparisons to which enthusiastic travellers have subjected Montmorency.

In the days spent roaming about the woods and fields and beaches of Beaulieu one thought was frequently present to us. For hours together we were plunged in nature's primeval solitude. Even in the village we seemed to be immeasurably distant from the world as men make it; in comparison, the sleepiest New England town appeared to us a centre of activity. Yet here and all about, civilized men, highly civilized, even to the verge of corruption, pitched their tents more than three hundred years ago, and having spied out the land and found it good, here permanently established themselves. After Jacques Cartier had reported the salubrity of the climate, the extent and magnificence of the forests, there was a great scramble among impoverished French seigneurs for possession of the favored isle. It was parcelled out by gracious majesty among several needy satellites. Some of these gentlemen personally took possession. They brought along stout Norman peasants, and attempted here to establish their outworn feudal system, to wring from virgin soil new treasure wherewith to support their indolent and arrogant magnificence. Though partially successful, slowly, by imperceptible degrees, the tillers of this new land got the better of the lords. To-day it is the descendants of the peasants, not of the princes, who own the fields, the flocks, and herds. In some few instances the seigneurs intermarried with their *habitants*, and though thus some noble names survive, the representatives are now themselves but *habitants*, peaceful, ignorant people, extracting the greatest amount of content out of the smallest amount of material goods.

On the whole island we were able to discover only one visible relic of seigneurial rule, so thoroughly has time extirpated evidences of class distinctions. The relic is not much to boast of—nothing but the foundation wall of a house on Beaulieu Point. The house at its best could not have made good a claim to superiority anywhere, except in the place where it was built, at the date of its building. It was the home of Sieur Jacques Gourdeau de Beaulieu. He had married in Paris one Eléanore de Grandmaison, whom he transported to his Canadian seigneury, there to enjoy the privilege of gazing all day at an interminable wilderness, with no prospect of varying the monotony more delightful than that of having her fine scalp lifted. It happened in the May of the year 1663 that Dame Eléanore took early advantage of the *débâcle* (ice run) to cross to Quebec for a gossip with the good ladies in the Ursuline Convent. The Sieur Jacques was left to the society of his servants, more especially to that of a trusted valet. One night the valet proved his right to confidence by rising and slaying his master. He had already secreted the silver in the forest; and having possessed himself of the Sieur Jacques's personal valuables, he set fire to the house. This last precaution was vain, for the stone walls stubbornly resisted the flames, which, shining through the windows, immediately called citizens of Quebec to the rescue. The crime was discovered, and the criminal publicly whipped, then shot. It is comforting to know that Dame Eléanore survived the tragedy, married again, and lived in Canada to a ripe old age. A Gourdeau still lives in a wooden structure imposed on the ancient foundation, and is said to enjoy occasional visitations from a hereditary spook.

The Gourdeau story was told to us by Ferland. Ferland was a well-to-do farmer (*cultivateur*), who by way of relaxation sailed a neat little yacht. We made a short run or two so pleasantly with him that we engaged him for a two days' cruise in order to make what they call the tour of the isle. When the morning appointed for this excursion broke, neither wind nor weather appeared, in our inexperienced judgment, to be favorable; in fact, there was not a breath of wind. But Ferland assured us that in an hour or two there would be plenty, and accordingly we set sail.

But it was weary work poling the *Riel* round the point. The Toreau, a diligent series of eddies setting inshore, tried to wreck us, and almost did it. The sun tried to bake us, and was superficially successful. Even when well in the rush of the northern current we hardly seemed to move. Hot and still lay the water before us, a clean stretch of twenty-six miles from the citadel to Cape Tourmente; hot and still the land. The little union-jack at the mast-head hung limp. We had time and to spare for comment on the incongruous absurdity of flying a British flag on a boat named after a man hanged for treason by a British Governor. Very slowly the *Riel* drifted down between the crops and pastures of the main-land and the crops and pastures of the isle. Not a human being was to be seen in or about the cottages strung along the cultivated ridges. We concluded that, having sown their seed, the people retired behind their walls, while the sun blazed away for two months and made ready the harvest for the reapers. Near Saint Pierre, four miles below Beaulieu, the shores become more precipitous, and are grown with young hard-wood to the water-line. Rows of maples stretch from the parish church diagonally across the isle to Saint Laurent, on the southern side. These maples define the Route des Prêtres—a road with which rather a funny story is connected. In early times the parish of Saint Laurent was called the parish of Saint Paul. In the seventeenth century Monseigneur St. Vallier, Bishop of Quebec, made the parish a valuable present—nothing less than a bit of an arm-bone of its patron saint, enclosed in a silver chalice. When the parish adopted a new saint and name, the relic was transferred to the Church of Saint Paul in the parish of Saint Pierre, and in exchange three bones of Saint Clement the Martyr were handed over to Saint Laurent. But notwithstanding the appearance of having driven an excellent bargain, there was great discontent over the affair at Saint Laurent. Feeling ran so high that a parishioner first stole Saint Clement's bones, then secretly substituted them for the coveted fragment of Saint Paul in the church of Saint Pierre. Of course the fraud was soon discovered, and a deadly feud arose between the rival parishes. The end would probably have been extermination of each by the other if a council of bishops had not gravely considered the cause of war and finally commanded a compromise. It was decreed that on a certain day the people of both parishes should meet at a spot exactly half-way between, on the Route des Prêtres. With much pomp and ceremony an exchange of relics should be made, Saint Clement's bones being returned to their original owners, and Saint Paul's fragment to its old retreat at Saint Laurent. The decree was obeyed, and a large black cross still marks the spot where this tremendous difficulty was amicably settled. Ferland told this story with reverence and much detail, refreshing himself now and then from a jorum of milk, which, he remarked at each draught, "is my life." The *Canadiens* inherit the Gallic gift for story-telling, and Ferland as a *raconteur* would satisfy very critical taste.

The morning was wearing into afternoon when suddenly, springing from a cloudless sky, a brisk breeze filled our mainsail. "It comes from the good St. Anne," said Ferland, and since we were just opposite to the famous shrine of that lady, from remote times the protector of mariners, we instantly accepted his explanation of a phenomenon quite inexplicable to us. The good St. Anne's breeze continued and increased. Up went the jib, and the *Riel* skipped beautifully over the ruffling water. In one hour, more progress was made than in the six preceding. We flew by the glistening green marshes of Sainte Famille, past the flat-topped Petit Cap nestling in the shadow of Cape Tourmente, which rises over eighteen hundred feet straight up from the water, and rounded the southeast end of the isle in the neatest way imaginable. As we ran along, Ferland pointed out the Ile aux Reaux, a desolate, broken reef three miles to the south. He said it had long been owned and occupied by an eccentric Scotchman, who built a house on it and kept up quite an establishment. There, a few years ago, he killed himself, and no one has yet appeared to claim and assume the vacated lordship.

The pen of a great poet or the brush of a great painter alone could describe the glory of the evening sky, the wonderful lights and shadows on land and water, that we watched in silent delight as the *Riel* tacked up the channel to Saint Jean. Here it was our purpose to rest for the night. On the wharf we were taken in charge by the Demoiselle Langlois, a quiet, sad little person, who led us straight to her *pension*—a *pension* at which we were the first guests in three years. A typical *Canadien* house, clean and bare, the floor covered with hand-woven carpet (*catalogue*), and the walls decorated only by a large wooden cross, painted black, and the portrait of a defunct Pope. We supped and slept well with the melancholy demoiselle, and in the morning strolled about the village—a pretty, comfortable village, all on a hill-side looking out at the river, broad and free as a sea. The people farm and fish for their living, and though none could be rich, certainly none are very poor. The sun was pouring its hottest rays on this treeless hill-side, and masses of high-colored flowers lifted toward them their brilliant faces. All the old-fashioned things, scarlet-runners, nasturtiums, verbenas, with dozens of more modest fragrant sisters, have settled for life at Saint Jean sur l'Ile. As we turned down the wharf to rejoin the *Riel*, we had a glimpse of Saint Jean's guardian spirit. A substantial spirit of stalwart frame and "fair round belly," doubtless with many "a fat capon lined." Arrayed in black robe, with slippered feet and broad felt hat, beneath which showed a few snow-white locks, the village curé walked along, most gracious and benevolent of mien. We saw him enter the *pension* Langlois, intent, of course, on a gossip about the strangers who had tarried there a night.

The second day was from the start fresh and delightful. A stiff wind swept up the wide southern channel, and the *Riel* frequently lost herself in the trough to rise again on the crest of most respectable billows. The southern shore of the isle is wider, more picturesque, than the northern, presenting a succession of curving beaches, with wooded cliffs and jutting crags crowned with faithful, weather-beaten pines and hemlocks. At mid-day we staid an hour at Saint Laurent, where there is nothing to see but a big bare church. In Canada the smallest, poorest parishes seem to enjoy the privilege of the biggest churches. Two hundred years ago, Frontenac, the ablest Governor of New France, complained that the Church impoverished the country. "The Church," he said, "owns two-thirds of the land and pays nothing for it." During our two days' cruise we saw thirteen churches and *presbytères* and six convents. No tax is paid in any form by any of these institutions. On the contrary, by French law (preserved by treaty, 1763) the Church claims one-tenth of every *habitant's* income in money or kind, and makes demand at will for the erection of extravagant buildings, and for support of the priests, friars, and nuns who swarm over the land. It was at Saint Laurent that Wolfe dissembarked his forces. Running before the wind, we kept in line with the road by which he marched them to Beaulieu. In the shadow of that promontory, from which he first looked upon the scene of his victory and death, the *Riel* cast anchor at the end of the second day.

ANNIE ROBERTSON MACFARLANE.

CAVALRY CAUGHT IN A BLIZZARD

RD.—Drawn by R. F. Zogbaum.—[See Page 63.]

THE SUPREME COURT.

The room of the Supreme Court may easily be overlooked by the tourist who tarries in Washington but a day, although it is within the walls of the Capitol. The stranger passing from the tumult of the House to the careless ease and quiet of the Senate, through the central corridor of the building, will encounter a guard sitting by a plain and unobtrusive door in the north end of the old freestone structure to which the great marble wings were added. Around this door there is no waiting crowd of politicians or sight-seers. Through it comes no sound of debate or applause. Those who enter will not be impressed by the eloquence of the lawyer who is addressing the black-robed justices sitting in a row before him. This is no place for the flowers of rhetoric or the passionate appeals by which juries are swayed. Plain and concise statements of fact, with brief references to the laws and the precedents, are all that the justices require, and rarely does a lawyer's voice rise above a subdued conversational tone. There are few seats for spectators, but the number is sufficient. The proceedings are not interesting to those who have no business to transact with the court, and strangers who look in soon go out in search of more attractive scenes. Still upon the thoughtful visitor the simple gravity of this great court makes an enduring impression. The room is the old Senate-Chamber, which resounded with the eloquence of Webster and Clay when the Capitol had not attained its present magnificent proportions. In those days the members of the House of Representatives sat in the larger room at the other end of the original building, which is now the Hall of Statues. This old Senate-Chamber is in the form of a semicircle. The justices come in at noon from their robing apartment, and their seats are in a line on a raised platform behind a long desk, and just in front of the row of variegated marble columns which support a small and unused gallery. In the central chair sits the Chief-Justice. By the small desk at the end of the platform may be found the marshal and the clerk, whose offices are on the other side of the corridor.

The confirmation of Justice Lamar fills the vacancy caused by the death of Justice Woods, and all the chairs are now occupied. Chief-Justice Waite, who has served thirteen years, has passed the age of threescore and ten, but his vigor of body and mind indicates that years of work lie before him. In the first twelve years of the court's history there were four Chief-Justices, and in the following eighty-seven years there have been but four. During the first long term, that of Chief-Justice Marshall, the court became firmly established in authority and rank. To his memorable decisions and powerful influence both the court and the nation are deeply indebted. Chief-Justice Taney presided over the court for twenty-eight years; the term of Chief-Justice Chase was comparatively short. The court of to-day is a remarkable group of men. It is noticeable for the rare physical vigor of several of its members. In their early years their minds were not developed at the expense of their bodies, but hard and healthy work for both muscle and brain equipped them grandly for the tasks that they were to do. Justice Miller, the author of notable decisions upon constitutional questions, passed his boyhood on a farm. He was thirty years old when he began the study of law. At that time he was a doctor in country practice. Although he had been practising law but thirteen or fourteen years when appointed to the Supreme Court, he had already become a leading lawyer of the West. Justice Field, whose age is that of Justice Miller, seventy-one years, shares with him the distinction of having been appointed by President Lincoln. This eminent member of a famous family is old only in years. His active life while shaping the judicial system of California, in a disorderly state of society, preserved his vigor. The oldest of the nine is Justice Bradley, who was born in 1813. Justice Harlan is in the prime of life, at the age of fifty-four, and is a grand specimen of manhood. Justice Matthews is sixty-three. The giant of the bench is Justice Horace Gray, who was called to this court from the office of Chief-Justice of the Supreme Court of Massachusetts, over which he had presided for eight years, after having served in it for nine years as an associate. Justice Gray is fifty-nine years old, and with Justice Blatchford was appointed by President Arthur. He furnishes in himself the amplest proof that the learned professions do not of necessity make puny and ailing men. Justice Blatchford will be sixty-eight in March. He came to this court with the experience acquired by long service as a compiler of law reports, and as a judge of the district and circuit courts. Justice Lamar is sixty-two years old, and he has not the experience as a jurist which Justices Gray and Blatchford brought to their work. He was admitted to the bar in 1847, but it does not appear that he has ever been a judge. After the war, during which he served as a soldier of the Confederacy, he became Professor of Law in the University of Mississippi. At an earlier period he had been elected Professor of Mathematics and Professor of Political Economy in the same institution. He was a member of Congress in 1860, and he resigned to take a seat in the Secession Convention of Mississippi. He was twice elected to Congress after the war, and in 1877 was made a Senator. During his second term in the Senate he was appointed Secretary of the Interior by President Cleveland, and from that office he now goes to the Supreme Bench. Justice Lamar is a studious man, and has not the robust physical vigor of some of his associates. Marshal Nicolay, who recently retired, after having served for fifteen years, had been one of President Lincoln's private secretaries. The new marshal, who will precede the robed justices as they make their way into the court-room at noon, is Mr. John M. Wright, and he was appointed from Kentucky. The labors of the court are not confined to the regular sessions in Washington. The Associate Justices, and even the Chief-Justice, are required to go on circuit, and to hold court in the several circuits with the circuit and district judges. But their homes are in Washington, and they are prominent figures in the social life of the capital.

HOLDING DOWN A CLAIM IN A BLIZZARD.

I was setting up type in the office of the Boomtown *Spike* one bright day in February, 1882, when I heard a voice at the window saying, "Hello, Seagraves! wan' to hold down yer claim?" The speaker was peering in at me through his mittened hands. I shook my head, but motioned for him to come in, which he did. As he stood before the rusty cannon stove I remonstrated with him for his rashness.

"Now I'm an honest man, Moore. I don't want to take advantage of any one, not even a drummer for farm machinery. The fact is, I'm dangerous. Why, there ain't a man in this Territory that would ask me to go out on the prairie with him if he knew my record. I'm sure death."

"What do you mean? Explain y'rself."

"I will. I've been out on that pre-emption of mine promptly at the end of every thirty days ever since the last day of October, and every time it stormed damnably. The first time it rained, the next time it snowed and blowed like the devil and all, and the last time Murray and I went out to the claims we spent three days in his twelve by fourteen shanty with the horses. Why, I can't go to Heron or to Belleplain but a terrible storm sweeps down on the poor people. Therefore the boys fight shy of me."

Moore was whistling through his teeth at my yarn. He didn't put much importance upon it.

"Oh! I know all about that; but I don't scare worth a cent; and besides, look at the sun shining out there. Now you get yer toggery on and we'll be off after dinner. Bailey's going too. Now rustle—I'll see ye later."

This settled the matter, and accordingly I got things into as good shape as possible in the office, and went early to dinner at the Western House. The boys at the table were also talking about going out on their claims, and cursing Sparks, of the land-office, because of the ruling which obliged them to be on the pre-emption once a month, no matter what the weather might be.

"I guess we're about all in the same fix," said Adams; "there's Bailey and Moore and Shelby, myself and—"

"And Seagraves," I said, quietly.

"Wh-a-at! Not *you*, Seagraves?"

"You bet I am."

"That settles my hash; if Seagraves goes, I don't, you can bet high on that. I'm not ready to turn up my toes for the coyotes to gnaw."

"Gentlemen, I'm sorry for you, but I'm going to break my record or try a dying."

And about two o'clock, behind Moore's little team, wellnigh buried in blankets and robes, we drew out of the main street and headed west amid a chorus of yells.

"Git there, Eli!" "Seagraves is sure death; push on the reins," et cætera.

The sleighing was excellent, and the vast level plain, as bare as the bosom of a frozen sea, was sparkling under a brilliant sun shining from a deep blue sky. Our course lay straight into the wilderness to the west, a distance of nearly thirty miles—an easy trip if the roads were good all the way.

Bailey and Moore kept up a lively chatter over their huge buffalo-coat collars, and hailed every passing team with jolly shouts, and when we were about ten miles on our way, Bailey said, "I guess Seagraves will escape this time."

I lifted my head and took a look at the north-western sky; then said: "No, boys; we're in for it sure."

And we were; for, borne on the wing of the north wind, a great fleecy dome of cloud, slaty blue below and silver white above, was rising, vast, wide as the northern horizon, seamless, dim, and noiseless, sweeping with the speed of a shadow upon us. The day was yet brilliant, but the frost-white edge of the cloud had already slid across the face of the sun, making the depth of the dark blue dome the more ominous and stern. It would be dark in two hours.

"Well, boys, the blizzard is coming, sure, and there are just two things to do—to push on as hard as we can for the claim, or turn back."

"There's no turning back to this crowd," Moore replied, as he touched the ponies with the whip. I submitted, though with some misgivings, I am free to confess.

The road was getting worse now as we were getting beyond the settlers' shanties, and beyond the travel to and from the town. Houses grew more and more infrequent, the wind began to rise, and the snow to sift along the plain, softly, spasmodically, yet insidiously, and almost before we knew it the road was full of drifts. Wherever a tuft of weeds or a clump of unburned grass stood, a drift had formed, stretching out its solid bulk across our track like a huge lazy polar bear, over which the ponies were forced to draw the sleigh.

The sun was entirely hid soon after, and occasional flakes of snow struck in the face like threats, while the wind, growing colder, bit most savagely. The prairie was burned bare here, and the sliding snow ran like tongues of flame here and there, or spread like silver-white ocean foam up the side of some smooth, blackened knoll. We passed many shanties, but they were empty, for the most part, the owners having moved back east for the winter. The farther we went to the west, the wilder and more bare the prairie became; soon we would be outside the line of actual settlement. Bailey was intending to get off at a point about five miles before we reached Moore's claim. His claim lay four miles due south from a certain corner stake which we were to pass very soon, but as we were approaching the stake Moore and I determined to keep him with us, and not allow of his making the venture at night. Accordingly Moore pulled up short, and we both looked immovably at our friend. Bailey was a brave man when there was anything depending on the venture, but as he rose to his feet and looked around him he hesitated.

It was a fearful scene. As far as the eye could penetrate, the stability of the prairie seemed changed to the furious lashings of a foam-white waste of waters. Great waves of snow met, shifted, spread, raced like wolves, joined again, rose, buffeted each other till puffs of fine snow sprang into the air like spray, only to fall and melt in the sliding streams. All was unreal, ghastly. No sky but a formless, impenetrable mass of flying snow; no earth except when a sweeping gust laid bare a long streak of blackened sod that had the effect, the terrifying effect, of a hollow, fathomless trough between the hissing waves, and over all the night and tempest were speeding like the flight of twin eagles.

Our companion set his teeth, and made as if to spring out and set forth. "Sit down," we shouted. "Do you intend to commit suicide?" And, with a laugh at his relieved expression, we pushed the ponies on toward the west.

"We must be merciless now. We are too far on to turn back, and if we are not delayed we can reach the shanty before deep night," I shouted in the ear of our driver. There were now but two shanties where we knew of people living, and both of these were some miles from our destination. One of these we soon reached after passing the corner stake alluded to. It was a small frame shanty banked to the roof with snow and sods; indeed the roof was also of sods, laid on for additional warmth. It was low and mean-looking at ordinary times, but now, as the door opened and the red light streamed out over the drifts glinting through the falling snow, it had a singularly attractive look. The house was full to overflowing, we were told, and there were no places for our horses at all; they would have to stand out if we staid. "But we ain't goin' to stay," said Moore, grimly, as he pulled out into the road, now a mere trail, to be followed with the greatest difficulty. Just after turning into this faint track there came a team of horses rushing to meet us. As they passed us at a swift gallop we saw that attached to the harness of one was a boy's hand-sled, upon which a long plank was bound, and lastly a young fellow lying atop, on his side, in the way boys coast down hill. He had a round red face, on which was a fearless laugh, and he shook the reins above his noble team, and plunged into the darkness of the east on his way to the settlement.

The storm had steadily increased in violence, though each stage seemed the limit of its fury. The cold grew ever bitterer, the night was almost upon us, and the snow filled the air, and we could see but a few rods in any direction; but our only resource was to press on out on the prairie, wrapped in madly swirling clouds of snow. But we were all Western born, and not only knew our danger, but how to meet it as well. Our trail was now entirely lost, and there was nothing left but to steer by the wind and the section lines. For a mile or more we had been following a furrow which had been ploughed along the section line, and we must now leave that and bear to the southwest.

Therefore, taking the wind (which we knew to be in the northwest) on our right shoulder, we struck out in a straight line for the place where we knew the shanty belonging to Moore must be. We ought to come near enough to it to see it as we passed; if not— Well, we didn't like to think of that. As our course must be made with the greatest care, Moore drove, while Bailey and I took turns in rigidly keeping the wind upon the right ear, and in walking in the track behind. The track we kept straight in this way, and increased our chances of finding the house.

We were now moving in a circle of half-light, outside of which, a hundred feet away, was darkness. Within this half-light all was distorted, fantastic. A sage-bush, a clump of weeds, or a tuft of grass assumed huge proportions, and through the treacherous gloom looked like a barn or a stack of hay in the farther reach of the eye. A bit of shingle not fifty feet from my eye looked so like a cabin on the side of a distant swell that I called joyfully to my companions that I had found the house. It frightened me when, a few steps further on, I came to the wind-blown bit of wood, and my vision of the house and the snowy hill faded out into the depths of the storm. The snow flew so thickly that we could not see the ponies at times as they labored heavily through the deep snow, for we were on the unburned prairie now, and the snow was mid-leg deep. Around me I heard the multitudinous trampling of the snows, the flutter as of innumerable wings, the sheer weight of an army of foes pressing against us, small as units, a terrible force taken together. There were swirls here and there which opened vistas in which the mind put vague pictures of battles between ghostly adversaries, and then the snow came down upon us—ay, it seemed to leap up from beneath, fall from above, as well as drive on the level terrific blast like sand from a tube. At intervals we would stop, and go as far as we dared to the right and left, and stooping down, look under the snow to discover the house. Our course since leaving the section line was so slow and painful that it seemed as though we had been travelling more than an hour, and finally Moore pulled up and turned to me with a look of grim resolution on his face that told that we had arrived at the same conclusion.

"Seagraves, we're in for it. We've passed the shanty without seeing it."

"That's about my idea. And more than that, I will not go a single step farther in that direction. There is nothing but a trackless prairie out there. Our only hope now is to turn to the southeast and keep going till we strike the settlement. If the ponies keep up, we're all right."

"That's about the size of it, *if* we've gone by the shanty, for my claim is about the last one in the township, and the next is unsurveyed. So we'd better turn and strike for the Norwegian settlement south of here. But where's Bailey?"

True enough! I sent my eye around the circle: he was not in sight. While we were talking he had lost sight of us, and making a detour to see the house, if possible might be ahead or behind us, we could not tell. We looked at each other an instant in fear, then halloed in chorus. No reply. If he were to the south, his cries could not reach us; and if to the north, ours could not reach him. Again we shouted and again listened. No reply, though we strained our ears in the steady ceaseless roar and scream of the storm. For the first time I was afraid. In such a ferocious tempest and in such deadly cold a man could not live long. We took turns in shouting, but no reply came, till a lull in the wind not only left the air clearer, but softened the tumult in the ear, and we heard a faint cry in the distance—"Help!" It seemed so far off that it had no more force than the cry of a kitten. We could not tell whether it was on the earth or in the sky, or whether we imagined it, but soon it came again. "He's at our left," said Moore, pulling the horses about, and following the cry. At every few rods we would stop and shout, and listen for his cry, which grew each moment stronger. But he was not approaching us; he was waiting for us to come to him. Soon we were within speaking distance, and he was directing us where to find him. It was strange that he did not approach us. We thought he must have met with some accident, when suddenly he stood beside us. With a single word, "Follow me," he started off, the horses following him. We could not see him, but we knew he was on the track of something. Soon we came upon a small barn heavily banked with snow, and with hoarse cheers we shook hands and yelled, "*I told you so!*" We had hit the barn, and the house was near by and easily reached.

Without stopping to talk of our good luck, we sprang out, and in a few moments the ponies were safe from the blizzard, their noses deep in some hay and oats. After rubbing the ice and snow from their coats, and starting the circulation anew in their stiff and weary legs, we gathered our robes and things in our arms and made for the house, which we reached in a short, breathless run.

It was a frame building, 18 by 24, which Moore had erected for a summer residence—a mere shell of a thing, with only one thickness of boards on the sides, through which the snow drifted; and as there was no banking, the cold air also streamed up through the floor; but relatively it was a palace. It was shelter and light, for there was a stove and some kindling, and a box of coal. We need not freeze for one night, anyway. We soon had a fire roaring in the rusty stove, and a light in an unwashed tubular lantern. We also found a coffee can, and soon had a can of coffee sizzling on the stove. Then we took the time to ask Bailey about his adventure. It seems that in making a detour he had caught a glimpse of the barn, and though the storm the next moment covered it, yet he determined to push on a little further and make sure of it. Luckily we did not get quite out of ear-shot, and the whole ended fortunately, but it was a big risk to run. As our frozen mince-pies began to warm up and the coffee to send off a fragrant steam, Moore sang, exultantly,

> "The wind howls mad out-doors,
> The snow-clouds hurry past."

We made a great picture as we sat around the red-hot stove, with our fur caps and buffalo overcoats on. The lantern threw a red light over us through its smoky side, and the open jaws of the coal stove brought out every line of our faces as though we were the witches in *Macbeth* huddled around the caldron. On our heads the sifted snow fell at intervals like showers of red flakes of gold, while the frail structure creaked and groaned in the blast, the snow lashed the windows, and rushed like a pack of wolves about the door. After food and warmth, we sat thus talking and singing till we felt weary and sleepy with the cold; and then our host led us to the upper story of the house, where the bed stood which Moore used when he came to sleep on his claim, and upon this we piled our blankets and robes, and then crept under them.

Outside, the storm lashed and hissed like an ocean. There was a fluttering roar, as of myriad wings, a rattle of distant musketry, the howling of innumerable wild beasts, and the wails of women in agony. There were vague sounds of rushing, of swirling, and the tinkling as of distant, falling, driving sand. I remember waking in the night and listening in awe to the tumult, fancying the wind some huge beast disappointed of his prey, and wreaking his rage on the wood of our frail retreat. He seemed to grasp and shake the house as a lion would a rat, while his voice sank to a deep raucous snarl of convulsive fury. We seemed such puny creatures, such motes in the blasting tide of icy sands, that I was glad when sleep put an end to my speculations and fancies.

When I awoke the next morning all was still—still as the grave; not a sound save the heavy breathing of my companions and the occasional creaking of the wood under the terrible cold; as still as though the snow had buried us deep under its soft weight. And I shall never forget how it looked as I stepped out into the morning air:

"Like an eternal changeless sea
Of burnished marble lay the plain,
In dazzling, shoreless, soundless waste,
Horizon-girt, without a stain.
The air was still; no breath of sound
Came from the wide expanse;
The whole earth seemed to lie in trance,
In hushed, expectant silence bound.
And oh! the beauty of the morning sky,
Where flamed the herald banners of the king!
And as I gazed with famished eye,
Lo! day came on me with a spring."

No one would ever dream that the night before this calm plain had been lashed and driven by an appalling tempest. The terrible ride of the night before seemed almost a dream. There was no receding swell upon this ocean, as upon the Atlantic; on the contrary, it looked so marble-like and still that one could hardly imagine it ever being moved again. The brilliant sun flashed from millions of ice-points on the snow, making a broad way of dazzling gold and diamonds—a royal way for the coming of the morning. Its glory was almost, not quite, a compensation for the experience of the previous night. That night, as we sat around the cannon stove in the Wamburger grocery in Boomtown, Moore told our story "with trimmings," adding among other things the actual fact that the thermometer was thirty-eight below zero. The other trimmings which were not facts I will not mention. Moore is a good fellow, and undoubtedly regrets the exaggerations which the enthusiasm of the moment induced. **Hamlin Garland.**

NOTES ON CARIBOU HUNTING.

The caribou (*Rangifer tarandus*) is found from Maine northward through the British possessions to the edge of the forest region, and from Newfoundland to the Pacific. On the open ground extending from the wooded country to the Arctic Ocean it is replaced by the barren-ground variety (*R. grœnlandicus*), smaller, but carrying longer horns. The woodland caribou is plentiful throughout New Brunswick and Quebec, especially in the district of Gaspé, and they bid fair to exist long after the last moose shall have been killed, as, unlike that animal, they are not rendered an easy prey by a deep fall of snow. Owing to the peculiar formation of their feet, they can travel on a crust that would not support a medium-sized dog. Their hoofs have the power of expanding laterally, forming perfect snow-shoes, and allowing the animal to sink but a short distance even in soft snow. In Newfoundland these deer exist in large herds, migrating to the south coast in the fall, and returning north in spring. It was the custom of the ancient red Indians or Bœothies of that island to build stockades, the remains of which still exist, across those portions of the country crossed by the travelling deer, leaving only a few openings well guarded. Thus they were able to kill sufficient for the winter consumption of the tribe with but little exertion.

Caribou rut about the 1st of October, and the female gives birth to one calf in the month of May. When travelling they usually walk in file, and many of the lakes in countries they frequent have a deep and well-worn path around their margins, caused by the footsteps of the herds during long ages. As the big bulls drop their horns early, it is usual to hunt them on the first snow, should the barrens then be sufficiently frozen, as the caribou will not venture on them if the shell ice allows their feet to break through, remaining in the woods, where it is impossible to successfully stalk them. It is by no means unusual for the females to have horns, which they, as well as the young males, carry until late in the winter.

Hunters, when bent on an expedition after caribou, generally hire Indian guides to lead them up to the game, as few white men are able to hunt these very cunning beasts with success. The camp having been located within a mile or two of some barren, a known resort for the game, the sportsmen await a favorable day, a gentle breeze and soft snow to deaden the sound of the snow-shoes being preferred. Fresh tracks having been discovered, they are carefully followed until the herd is viewed feeding or lying in some open spot. If due caution has been observed, a shot is usually obtained at 150 yards, sometimes much less. The sense of smell in caribou is very highly developed, but their eyesight seems poor, and they often get bewildered after the first shot, and remain bunched together until several of their number have fallen. These animals are very intolerant of heat, and all attempts to acclimatize them in the warmer temperate zone have failed. They are most restless in severe weather, travelling long distances in search of food. This consists of the white moss (*Cladonia rangiferina*), found on the barrens, and the gray, which festoons the branches of the spruce and hackmatack in Northern forests. It is wonderful how fat they become on such dry, uninviting food. They swim with ease, and pass a great portion of the warm weather with their bodies immersed in lakes to escape the persecution of the gadfly. Their pelts occasionally are traded at the Hudson Bay stores full of punctures, like shot holes, caused by the larvæ eating their way into the flesh.

Hunting parties usually visit New Brunswick in search of this game, and the sport is often very good, but Gaspé and the west of Newfoundland support the largest herds of any districts within any reasonable distance of civilization. The Micmacs of the latter island have a way of enticing the bulls, during the rutting time, called "tolling," which is very successful. The barren-ground caribou is identical with the reindeer of northern Europe, and it seems strange that none of the tribes of this continent should have trained these deer to harness, as they are well adapted for that purpose. They easily travel fifteen or twenty miles an hour over soft snow that a horse would sink in at every step.

Charles A. Bramble.

THE COREAN EMBASSY.

The first embassy ever sent by the kingdom of Corea to any country save China and Japan arrived at Washington during the present month. It was officially recognized by President **Cleveland**, and will remain at the capital to represent there the diplomatic interests of Corea. It includes **Pak Chung Yang**, Minister; **Yi Wan Yong**, Secretary of Legation; **Yi Ha Yong**, Second Secretary; **Yi Sang Ja**, Third Secretary; **Yi Chah Yong**, Interpreter; **Yi Hun Yong** and **Kang Chin Hi**, Minister's private secretaries; while Dr. H. N. **Allen**, of Ohio, who has been for several years at Seoul, attached to the court as physician, takes general charge of the party as foreign secretary. There are also three Corean servants with the party, whose names are not given, but the loss is slight, inasmuch as a shade of uncertainty rests even upon the orthography of the names of the more distinguished visitors.

Although Chinese and Japanese dignitaries have long been familiar in this country, there is enough that is novel in the costumes and customs of the Coreans to excite great attention at the capital. Their walk is described as a "stately glide," and the Minister especially, although hardly up to the average height, is credited with an unusually dignified gait, set off by "a serene smile." A mass of skirts and furbelows of the richest silks is a leading feature in their garments, rustling as they walk; while their "tall black hats of horse-hair, set daintily on the crown of the head, which is itself topped by the coil of hair," were not removed, it is said, during their preliminary interview with Mr. **Bayard** on the 13th of January. This head-gear, through which the air can circulate, is hardly such as an American would fancy for this time of the year; but then Americans without practice could hardly balance the hats at all. Their features, of course, are of the true Mongolian type, and the visitors seem well pleased with their novel surroundings, and with customs which would doubtless appear more singular had not Americans been for years in favor with the King of Corea, who has Judge **Owen N. Denny**, of Oregon, as his foreign adviser, Mr. H. F. **Merrill**, of Massachusetts, as Inspector General of Customs, and Drs. **Allen** and **Heron** in the government hospital.

Indeed, the present mission is made directly under American auspices, Minister **Dinsmore** having arranged for its departure from Chemulpo, the port of Seoul, to Nagasaki, in the United States war vessel *Omaha*. This precaution seems to have been taken partly from fear lest China, which still holds a nominal authority over Corea, should interfere to prevent so marked a sign of absolute independence as the despatch of an ambassador to the United States and another to Europe. While Japan was first to recognize Corean independence in 1876, our own country was foremost among Western powers to conclude a treaty of friendship and commerce with the peninsula, which it did in 1882. Ever since, American influence has been predominant in Seoul, and American inventions, from electric lights to Gatling-guns, have found their way there.

"OUR RACER" SPEAKS.*

This morning I chanced on a frivolous rhyme,
As I ran through the popular papers,
That clumsily sketched me—the old Racer **Time**—
Commenting on me and my capers.
How little they know me, these mortals of earth!
How little they value my infinite worth!
I'm a good sort of creature, in spite of their mirth.

A mortal unwisely goes dashing his head
On rocks that were plain to discover;
Ah, vain his bewailing! far better, instead,
To trust me to carry him over.

The lover despairing, discarded, forlorn,
My whining of comfort rejecteth in scorn;
Not a cheering ray
Shall illumine his way!
But I calmly travel my tranquil pace
With faith unshaken—and win the race.

The tears of the widow I'm only too fain
To turn into smiles and to laughter again;
And I often can,
If a single man
Will mount to my saddle to favor my plan.
Wouldst censure a charger if sudden he wheels,
And, playfully prancing, a moment he steals
To lay back his ears and to fling out his heels?

I laugh when the doctors come hurrying out,
With their herbs and their potions go running about;
I could laugh them to scorn,
For I was a doctor before they were born;
Ah, the best of all doctors!—ask never a dime—
And the best of all herbs as a cure is thyme.

In a queer little country—an odd little nook—
The mortals quite coolly decided
No longer my time-honored paces to brook:
They could manage things better than I did.
They spurred me, they whipped me, my bridle they shook,
And my dignity boldly derided.

So they changed their watches to the standard time,
And the clocks in their cities in union chime.
"Give him his head!"
The people said,
"And here jerk him backward a little instead!"
Some horses, no doubt, had been sadly misled,
But I'd not the least trouble in keeping my head.
It was time I was bridled—so some of them cried—
High time, and tied;
Yet I wait for no man in my saddle to ride.

All mortals take warning, the Past I reveal.
Don't trust me; a secret I cannot conceal;
Truth rides on my back in a cuirass of steel.
Where the murderer turns unsuspected away,
My great solemn eyes are unswerving,
Through the loneliest night and the lonelier day
The boldest of mortals unnerving,
Till at last his secret aloud he cries
In the scathing light of my terrible eyes.

A monarch in Egypt, a few days ago—
In pastime that mortals call olden—
Would build him a tomb, that the ages might know,
By the deathless fame
Of his mighty name,
How the world to his reign was beholden.
The adoring nations kneeled and read.
I have stamped my hoof, and his name is dead!

There are sisters twain
Who will grasp for aye at my floating rein:
No fear of my recklessly passing them by,
In their youth and their beauty immortal as I.
Though mortals may crush her with might and with main,
Springeth **Hope**, still pursued by her glittering train,
Like a jack-in-the-box, to the saddle again.
And **Love**, her young sister, beside her upsprings
With a smile of the sweetest defiance;
There, brave and undaunted, she steadily clings,
Serenely, in fearless reliance.
Then I wave my wings,
And suddenly, playfully seizing the bit,
Their gentle endurance and strength to dare,
Turn a dozen of somersaults high in the air!...
Still safe and serene in the saddle they sit.
But **Faith**, their strong brother, full often is thrown
By rocks where we stumble in hurrying on.
Yet never quite dead,
For under my tread
From the dust he uplifteth his beautiful head!

One morning, when curveting blithe as could be,
I chanced upon Pegasus under a tree;
A crowd pressed around him wherever I looked;
His riders by hundreds and thousands were *booked*.
He seemed to be bleeding—he lay as if dead;
I feared he had fallen and struck on his head,
Yet 'twas hard to discover a spot that was *red*.
His legs were all muddy, his back was all green—
A beast more bedraggled sure never was seen.
At my clattering hoof-beats he pricked up his ear,
Came a happy surprise
In his beautiful, innocent, wonderful eyes;
He knew with my coming he'd nothing to fear.
I raised him, and straightened his silvery mane;
With never a glance on the others to deign,
I lifted a dozen from out of his train,
And up to the clouds they ascended again.

My drink it is Lethe. With passionate prayer
Some mortals are yearning my pailful to share!
My food is a comical mixture, I know;
There's little escapes while my hunger shall last;
I fast not a moment, but feed as I go,
Though I sometimes eat slowly, and sometimes eat fast.
The works of some authors a moment I taste,
Then I swallow them down with remarkable haste.
Some poems I munch,
And others I crunch,
While a blue-ribboned bunch
Of tender love-letters is hardly a lunch.
For always, alack!
Chasing over my track,
That rider called Hunger is close at my back.
And I fear, overtaken by him, I may
Unthinkingly swallow the earth some day;
And some day, when certain it's had a good bake,
I may swallow the sun like a hot ginger cake.

While the cycles roll,
As I caracole,
I can view the whole
Of human story from pole to pole;
Can trace, like shadows across a wall,
The grim theologies rise and fall;
And the mystagognes
And the pedagogues,
All sure they are right, in their little bogs.
I can see, on the heights of the farthermost star,
The creatures who pitying smile from afar,
As they hold their sides in a kindly mirth
At the poor little schemers upon this earth.

Yet sure and slow,
As the circling centuries come and go,
All sorrows, all evils, that men endure
I faithfully cure—
A leader unfailing and safe and sure.
Through wild despair
And agony greater than mortals may bear,
My white wings waver across the way,
And Peace with their shadow descends for aye.

And slowly and surely, and day by day,
I am breaking the bending bars away;
Through doubt and struggle and waves of blood
I am bearing men on to Eternal Good!

Charlotte W. Thurston.

PENSACOLA, FLORIDA.

This city of saw-mills and lumber is the principal seaport of Florida, and the largest depot of Southern yellow pine in the world. It also presents the curious anomaly of having been selected for its situation and natural advantages as the site of one of the very earliest settlements of this country, of having a recorded history that reaches back through three centuries, and yet with a future as undecided as though it were a foundation of yesterday. Moreover, this future is to be wholly determined by the influence, adverse or favorable, of a few adjacent communities of such recent establishment that beside its antiquity they are mere mushroom growths, and have barely assumed form and a recognized existence. As a lumber port Pensacola will long continue to be a flourishing town of like importance with a hundred others, but as the shipping point for Alabama coal and iron, the great coaling station of the Gulf of Mexico, and the port of entry for a vast commerce, it would take rank among the foremost cities of the world. It is already possessed of the finest harbor on the Gulf—a broad, landlocked sheet of deep water, in which ten thousand ships might ride at anchor in perfect safety, and yet leave room for thousands more. With this, added to its superb situation and the phenomenal mineral wealth of the country behind it, this city has all the prerequisites of greatness but one: no great river empties into its bay, and it has no water communication with the interior, but is, and always must be, wholly dependent upon railroads to bring to it and take away whatever its ships bring or take. When railroads can successfully compete with water routes for the transportation of heavy freight, Pensacola will become a great city. It may assume metropolitan proportions in spite of this obstacle, and even though it should not, the resources already at its command are sufficient to assure it a growth and prosperity far beyond anything it has yet attained, and to outline a bright career for this city of Santa Maria de Galva.

Pensacola is situated in the extreme western part of Florida, on the high ground sloping back from Pensacola Bay, and seven miles from the open waters of the Gulf. It is one of the termini of the Louisville and Nashville system of railways, and is on a direct route between New Orleans and Savannah or Jacksonville. Its history dates from the times of **Narvaez** and **De Soto**, though the first regular settlement was made here by the Spaniards in 1696, and occupied the present site of Fort Barrancas. This being destroyed by the French in 1719, a new town was built on the western end of Santa Rosa Island, at the mouth of the bay, where Fort Pickens now stands. Here it remained until 1754, when, having been inundated by a tidal wave, it was removed to the head of the bay, where it now stands. Here it was defended by two forts—San Miguel and San Bernardo—the ruins of which may still be seen and explored by those interested in such matters. Ceded to the English in 1763, it was captured and its forts destroyed by the allied French and Spanish in 1781. In 1814 General **Andrew Jackson** entered the town at the head of an American army while an English fleet was busy destroying the forts at the mouth of the bay; and in 1819 Pensacola, together with the other Spanish possessions in this region, was ceded to the United States. Florida was admitted to the Union in 1845, and seceded with the other Southern States in 1861. During the civil war, although Pensacola, the Navy-yard, Fort Barrancas, and the sea-swept ruins of Fort McCrea fell into the hands of the Confederates, Fort Pickens was held by its Federal garrison, and the Stars and Stripes floated above its walls from first to last.

At the close of the war the population of Pensacola was 1000, and in 1886 it was 9200—a very creditable increase for a city pretty generally supposed to have been at a stand-still for the past twenty years. The principal business of the place is the exporting of yellow pine lumber to all parts of the world. From the humblest beginnings this business has reached such proportions during the past decade that last year over 500 square-rigged vessels loaded at Pensacola wharves for 106 foreign and 15 domestic ports. Fifty saw-mills, which with their logging camps give employment to 5000 men, occupy the forests of the district tributary to this port, and 1200 stevedores are constantly employed loading ships with the product of these mills, rafted or brought by sail to its wharves. The Pensacola stevedores form a labor organization so powerful that they assume a most independent attitude toward their employers, and do not hesitate to make the most outrageous demands upon them. They have advanced the price of their labor from two and three to four and six dollars per day, gradually shortening their working hours at the same time. They also compel the boss stevedores to furnish them with dinners every day in the week except Sunday. In this connection the story is told that, not long ago, the stevedores' association became impatient of inactivity, and determined to organize a strike, "just for the fun of the thing." As all their demands had been granted, they were for some time at a loss for a pretext, but finally hit upon the happy expedient of striking for a constant supply of plums in their free-lunch duff, instead of the occasional allowance to which they had been treated. Upon this ground of complaint the strike was duly inaugurated with all formality, and business was suspended for a few days; then the bosses gave in, promised that plums in unlimited quantities should be served in ordinary every-day duff, the loading of waiting ships was resumed, and the market price of yellow pine advanced slightly.

The annual shipments of lumber from Pensacola average considerably over one hundred millions of feet. In view of these figures it is frequently said that the lumbermen of this territory are rapidly killing the goose of the golden egg, and that a few years more will witness the utter destruction of their stately forests. In some instances this may be the case; but most of these Southern lumbermen are too fully alive to their own interests to permit the wholesale and indiscriminate cutting of timber with which they are charged. The general mode of procedure is as follows: A large company, employing a thousand men, owns or controls from 200,000 to 300,000 acres of timber land in the Pensacola district. From this immense tract a section of about 1000 acres is selected from which to cut timber for filling the orders of a month or six weeks. Before an axe is used in this section an expert visits it, selects and marks for felling all trees of or above a certain diameter. The choppers who follow him cut these, but leave everything else untouched. The tract from which the large trees are thus culled is then left unmolested for years, during which time the smaller trees increase more rapidly in size than if the overshadowing giants had not been removed, and a new growth of seedlings is encouraged. By the pursuance of this systematic method it is claimed that the supply of timber is practically inexhaustible, and that the business of cutting it is a permanent one, since the demand for this finest of woods for heavy buildings will never cease. The uses to which Southern yellow pine is put are rapidly multiplying, and it is now expected to make good the ever-increasing deficiency in the Western lumber supply. It has only to be known and tested to be appreciated, and its superior excellence for certain purposes is strikingly exemplified in Duluth, Minnesota, where, in the heart of a heavily timbered white pine region, the largest and most recently erected grain elevator is built of Southern yellow pine. Although this material was transported 1200 miles by rail, it was found to be the best and cheapest for the purpose. In Chicago, the greatest lumber market of the world, and the point at which all Northern woods can be procured most cheaply, a large new warehouse has just been built of Florida yellow pine, which, after repeated tests, was found to be the strongest material for buildings of this class. At present yellow pine lands in all the Southern States are selling at from fifty cents to a few dollars per acre, according to their distance from markets. With rapidly extending transportation facilities, and an ever-increasing demand at home and abroad for the products of their forests, these prices must soon give way to greatly enhanced

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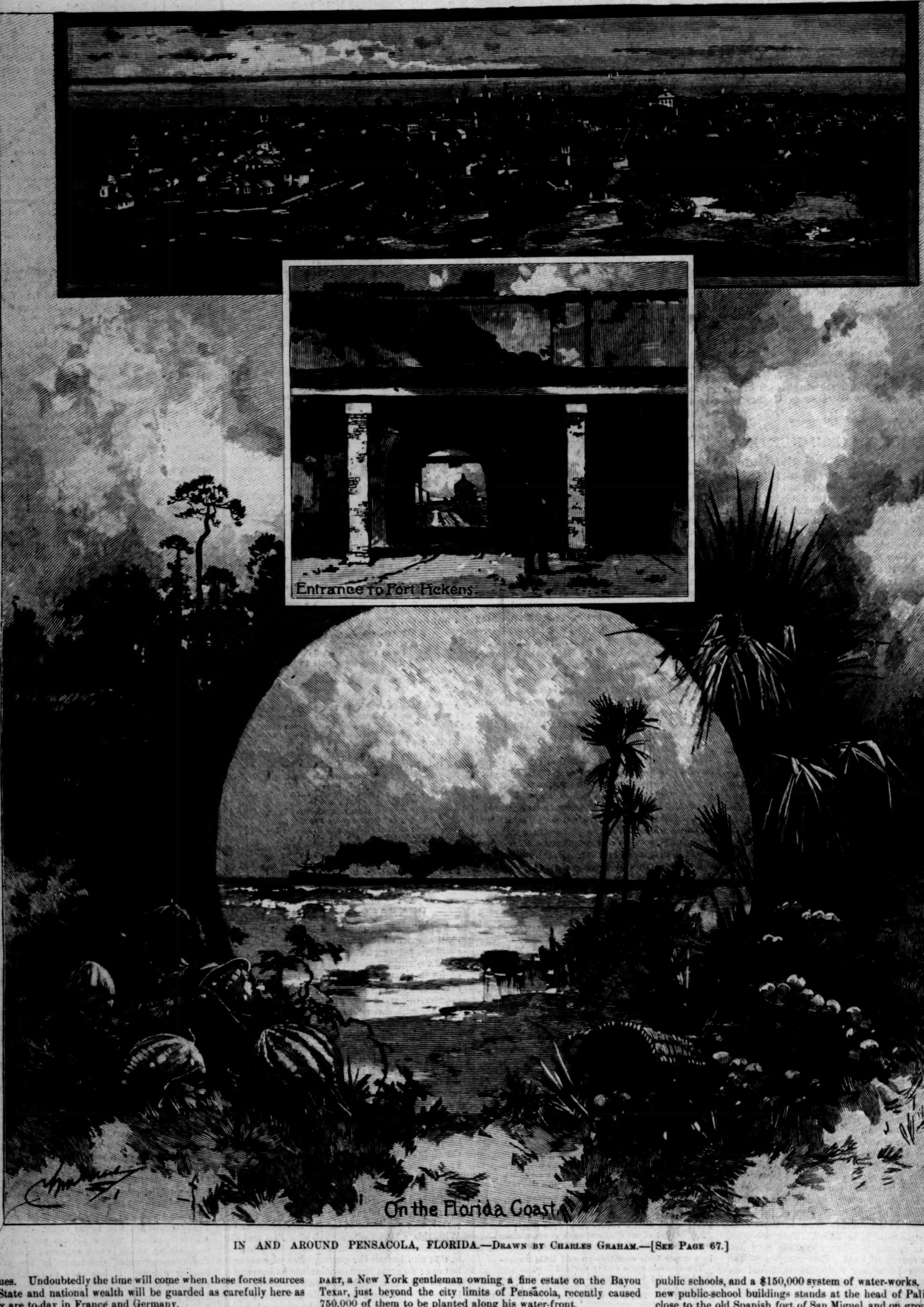
* See "Our Racer," in No. 1619 of Harper's Weekly.


Entrance to Fort Pickens.
On the Florida Coast.

IN AND AROUND PENSACOLA, FLORIDA.—Drawn by Charles Graham.—[See Page 67.]

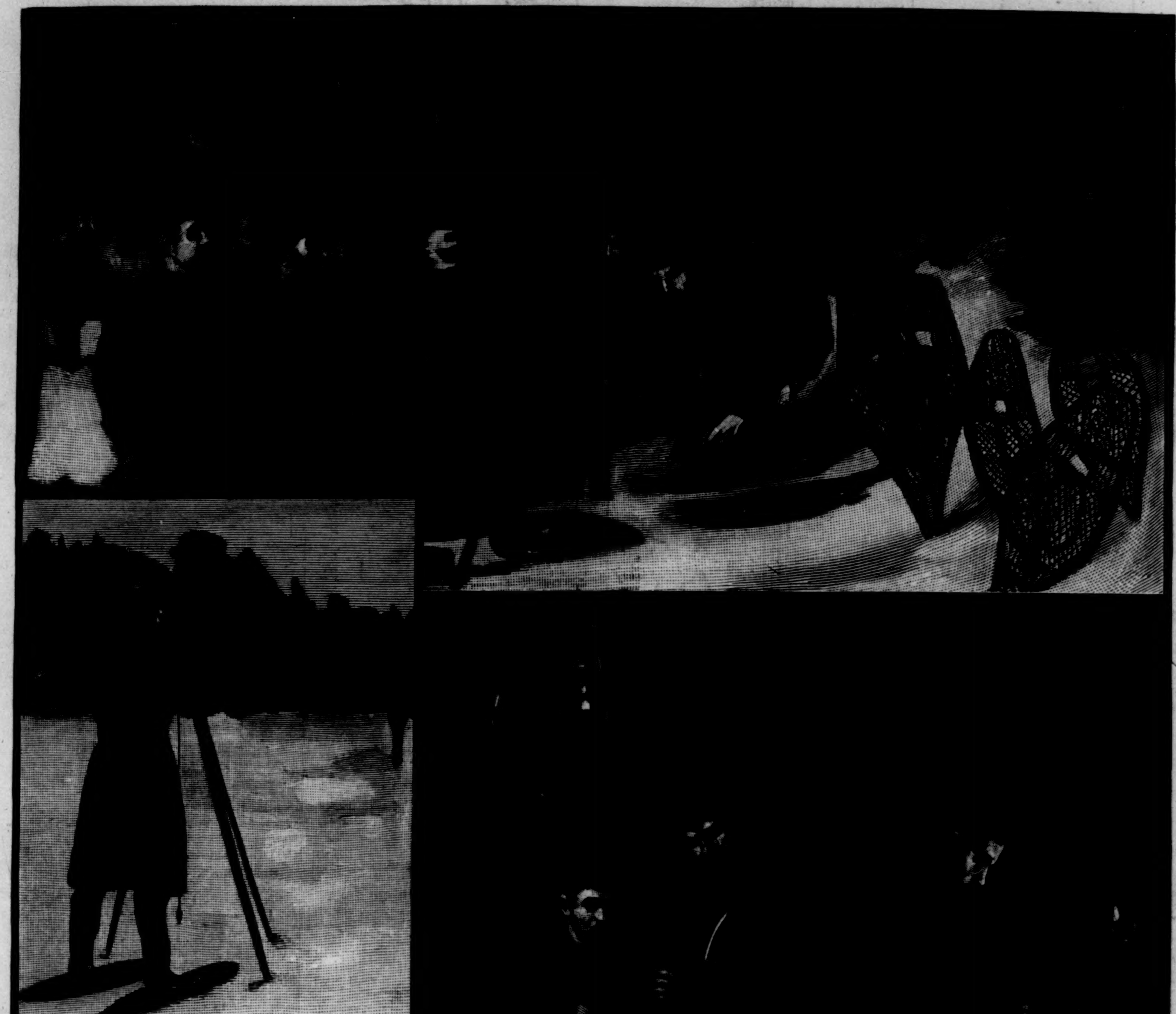
values. Undoubtedly the time will come when these forest sources of State and national wealth will be guarded as carefully here as they are to-day in France and Germany.

Pensacola has another unfailing source of income, that places it on a footing with a certain Maine seaport from which the principal exports are fish and lumber. In this case they are lumber and fish; but though it does occupy a secondary position among the industries of the city, the fish business is steadily increasing in value and importance. From this point the delicate pompano, the delicious Spanish-mackerel, the red-snapper, the kingfish, the mullet, and a score of other fine table fish unknown to Northern waters, are shipped by express, in refrigerator cars, or enclosed in solid blocks of artificial ice, to New Orleans, Denver, Minneapolis, Boston, and all important intermediate points. The fisheries already employ some 300 men, a score of large vessels and numerous small boats, and the business is increasing at the rate of fifty per cent. annually. At the same time no perceptible diminution has taken place among the innumerable myriads of fish that swarm in the waters of Pensacola Bay and its tributary bayous. Oysters of fine flavor are also found in abundance in these waters, and with the view of increasing their size Mr. Alexander Stoddart, a New York gentleman owning a fine estate on the Bayou Texar, just beyond the city limits of Pensacola, recently caused 750,000 of them to be planted along his water-front.

On the Stoddart estate, which in a measure supplies the want of an agricultural experiment station for this section of country, fine stock farms, fruit orchards, and market gardens, all in the highest state of profitable development, serve to exhibit the capabilities of the region in these directions under intelligent treatment. Two hundred bushels of sweet-potatoes per acre is a common annual yield among the farms in this neighborhood. On this model farm, with only such fertilizers as were furnished by its stables, the annual yield of sweet-potatoes has been increased to 400 bushels per acre, and this crop was sold in Pensacola for three dollars per bushel. Besides affording a ready market for all the products of its surrounding truck farms, and presenting the busy scenes of its wharves crowded with great deep-water ships, Pensacola maintains a metropolitan aspect by means of street railways, electric lights, a $250,000 government building, the handsomest county court-house in the State, a telephone exchange, a fine opera-house, a new first-class hotel, which is one of the neatest and best kept in the South, a comfortably housed social club, well-equipped public schools, and a $150,000 system of water-works. One of its new public-school buildings stands at the head of Palifox Street, close to the old Spanish fort of San Miguel, and on ground rendered historic by many a fierce battle between English, French, Spanish, and Indians. On an adjoining eminence, 103 feet above tide-water, and uplifted to such a height that it affords a conspicuous landmark to vessels many miles out at sea, is the tower-like stand-pipe of the water-works. It affords a pressure so great that a stream of water from any of the street hydrants can be thrown over the highest buildings in the city.

The present Governor of Florida makes his home in Pensacola, and the city contains a charming resident society, to which very acceptable additions are made by the army and naval officers stationed at Fort Barrancas and at the Navy-yard. Although this city has been subject to many changes, and has been the theatre of many exciting scenes, nothing of such consequence to its material interests has occurred in years as its first shipment of pig-iron, which was made a few months ago. It was sent to Boston, and was only a small quantity—less than 200 tons—but it marked an era, and to Pensacolians was an event fraught with bright hopes and promises for the future.

Kirk Munroe.



RAILROAD ENGINEERING IN WINTER.—Drawn by J. Macdonald.—[See Page 70.]

ENGINEERING IN THE SNOW.

A GREAT deal of snow-shoeing is done for fun, and camping out is one of the amusements of amateur snow-shoers, but the snow-shoers and the camp represented in Mr. MACDONALD's picture on page 69 are strictly in the way of business. These men are a party of engineers, and they are marking out a line through the woods of northern Maine and Canada along which the Canadian Pacific Railroad is to run on its way to the Atlantic seaboard. The party is one of a number similarly engaged. This camp contains some fifteen persons, including engineers and their assistants, axe-men, cook, and "cookie," as the cook's boy is called. It will be noticed that they all wear jerseys and tuques—or toboggan caps, as they are called in New York—and travel on snow-shoes. They would not be able to do much travelling without the snow-shoes. It is a cold country in which they work; the deep snow is fine and mealy, and readily lets a man in up to his waist—or up to his neck, for that matter—if he is unprovided with this spreading foot-gear.

Still the hardship from cold is not as much as one might suppose. The woods are a barrier against the winds, and there is no such suffering and peril as come with the blizzards which cut across the open country. Indeed the engineers prefer the winter to the summer for working in these northern woods. Particularly in the early summer months the black-flies are a terror to which the winter offers no equal. In the winter the men make themselves quite comfortable, as comfort goes in the north woods. The tents are tight and cozy, with stoves, and carpets of spruce boughs spread over the packed snow. Doubtless much of the enjoyment that is found in an engineers' camp is due to the physical preparation which puts one into condition for it. Running around all day on snow-shoes in the air of the pine woods makes a luxury of a plain supper with a pipe afterward, and the sleep that follows is surpassing sweet. It would be a pity if the camp were unprovided with sharp appetites, for the unvarying fare of pork and beans would offer no stimulation to weak ones. Lunch or dinner is always taken in the open air, as Mr. MACDONALD has pictured it. A fire is made convenient to wherever the men may be working, and hot tea goes with the solid fare. Snow is often used to make the tea with, but for some reason it gives a smoky flavor, and water taken through the ice from some stream or lake is preferred.

In the tents at night there is lantern and candle light, and the men before they turn in write and read, tell stories, mend snow-shoes, and listen to the stove singing, and the trees outside snapping like pistol-shots in the intense cold. On the outside maybe there is moonlight, and the sparks and smoke from the fires fly straight up in the still air, and giant human shadows with pipes in their mouths nod and gesticulate on the tent walls. There is some fine music, too, rolling out of one of the tents, where the axe-men are singing songs that were sung in Normandy two hundred years ago, and that have been sung in Canada ever since.

The camps are moved every week. Each time they are pitched two or three miles ahead of where the men are working. When the week is half gone the men have made their way up to them, and when the week is all gone the men are two or three miles beyond. The moving takes about a day, and is done with toboggans, which are drawn each by two or three men harnessed tandem with pack straps. It is much easier business than lugging the camp in packs on the back, as must be done in summer.

It seems odd that the camps do not supply themselves with game to diversify the everlasting fare of pork and beans. Game is most plentiful; partridges are so tame that one might almost knock them over with a stick. Still the men of the camps never go after game. Perhaps it is because they are too busy, and perhaps it is because they like pork and beans better.

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Is not a more tenacious monster than malaria, whether it takes the form of chills and fever, bilious remittent, ague cake, or dumb ague. Like the octopus of the story, it clasps the victim in its tentaculæ, and folds him closer and closer in a horrible embrace. Attacked with Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, however, it gradually relaxes its tremendous grip, finally abandons it, and the quondam sufferer, liberated at last, rejoices in the sense of new-born freedom, engendered by the restoration of complete health. Dyspepsia, too, and constipation, those old and remorseless enemies of the human family, give ground, and are finally driven from the field by this Napoleon of remedies, the greatest, the purest in the family pharmacopœia. Rheumatism succumbs to it, so do kidney troubles. The nerves, when overstrained, regain quietude and vigor by its aid, and the ability to rest tranquilly and eat with zest are increased by it. Resort to it in time and avoid unnecessary suffering.—[*Adv.*]

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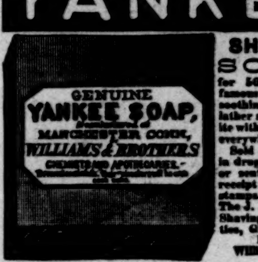

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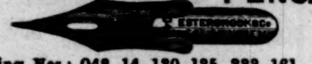

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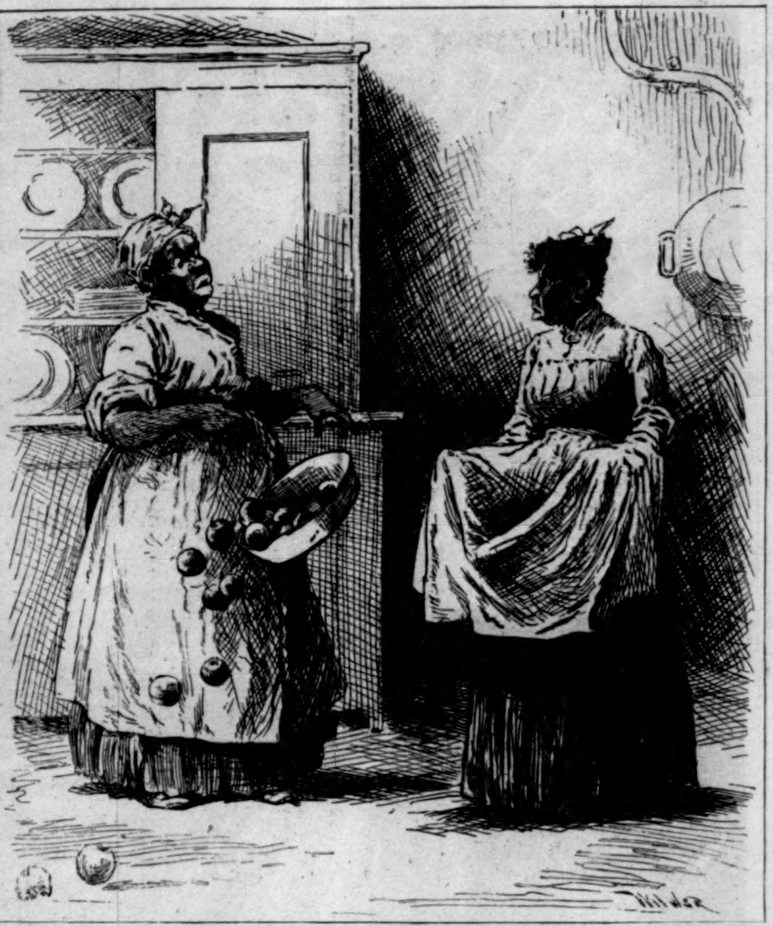

TABLE TALK BELOW-STAIRS.

DINAH. "Lord-a-massy, 'Liza, be perpared for great 'sturbance in de heabens, chile. Dey's been talking at de dinner-table 'bout no mo' protection. Massa he say de *world* gwine one way, and de *sun* gwine de odder, and dat it's all got to be fixed next fall at de poles."

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Our actual Cash profit for 1887 exceeds $448,000, or $1227 for each day in the year, including Sundays and holidays. Each dollar of said profit, as fast as earned, is deposited with, invested, and held by the **Central Trust Company,** as Trustee, for the exclusive use and benefit of our members. Our total death claims paid exceed **$4,100,000** and our Cash Surplus exceeds **$1,350,000.**

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